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AROUND THE WORLD

At present writing the outcome of the Naval Conference at Geneva is unsettled. A haze of cloudy conjecture had gathered around its preliminaries.

Is the Lion Playing Fox?

Some intimate that an aggressive element in the Baldwin Government, which is determined to crush Labor at home and Communism abroad and to restore to the Empire its Victorian primacy on the seas, sought to use the Conference to end England's naval parity with the United States which Britain accepted six years ago at Washington, and attribute to this desire certain deft and noiseless approaches toward a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, 'tentative proposals' for which are discussed in a recent issue of the *Japan Weekly Chronicle*. Tokyo may not be receptive to such a suggestion, however, and its reported soundings at Washington, to discover whether our Government would be willing to enter into an anti-war pact with Japan similar to that contemplated with France, may be interpreted in the light of England's alleged overtures. If such scheming really existed

outside the minds of imaginative lobby gossips, it was the work of a minority, but of a minority that might make formidable commitments. This conflict of policies discloses a fundamental difference in the national attitudes of Britain and the United States. America's only naval battles with a first-class Power have been fought with England, and though they occurred more than a century ago they still live vividly in our maritime traditions. On the other hand, Great Britain has forgotten them. She did not regard us at the time as a first-class sea Power, — which indeed we were not, — and she has fought many battles since with more formidable opponents. Therefore British Navy men are less likely to think of America as a possible enemy than are Americans to conceive England in that rôle, and therefore underestimate the strength of our objections to their claims.

'Augur's' article in this issue reënforces the suggestion, alluded to in our last number, that Great Britain is pressing Germany, by delaying the Rhineland evacuation, to break with Russia. Its author is regarded as the

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especially accredited mouthpiece of the British Foreign Office. A recognition of this motive may temper the resentment of certain German Nationalists and Liberals who are eager to see the Soviet Government overthrown. Mr. Stresemann's enemies in Germany, however, insist that he was taken in by Sir Austen Chamberlain, who, during the Locarno and post-Locarno conversations, assured him that there would be no abrupt change in the relations between Great Britain and Russia, and thus influenced Berlin's policy toward the latter country. Conservative papers like *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* and *Der Tag* likewise waxed intensely bitter both at England and France and at their own Foreign Minister over the 'fiasco' of the last League Council meeting at Geneva, from which M. Briand withdrew prematurely — it is said, at a physician's orders. At all events, Germany secured none of the concessions she sought, and at the moment pessimism is trumps in the European diplomatic world.

The Baldwin Cabinet staged a dramatic surprise even for many of its own supporters when it brought *Tories in the Saddle* in a bill to reform the House of Lords radically different from anything suggested in the anticipatory discussion of the project. For the moment it cast into the shade the Trades-Union Bill and the break with Russia. It differed from both those measures in presenting to the House proposals which were not placed before the voters at the last general election, and this may account for its reported withdrawal. Mr. Garvin is probably right, therefore, when he makes the point in the *Observer* that 'it is almost impossible for any ministry with an enormous majority in a very dull House of Commons to realize that it represents nothing but a lessening minority of the nation.'

'Lessening minority' seems to apply to the situation. If we omit the Scottish Universities contest, where there was no Liberal candidate, and Labor was represented only by courtesy, the Cabinet's Party had lost five by-elections in succession, of which the last three, at Leith, Southwark, and Bosworth, had been won by the Liberals, when it barely pulled through at Westbury, a rural constituency of traditionally Conservative sympathies in Southwestern England, by a plurality reduced from seven hundred and eleven to one hundred and forty-nine since the last election.

Meanwhile the Labor Party has been heartened by the decision of the Coöperative Union, at its annual congress last month, to enter into a political alliance with it. The Coöperators claim a capital of nine hundred million dollars and a trade of one and one-half billion dollars annually, and if they give whole-hearted support to political Labor their financial aid may more than counterbalance the Party's losses through the prohibition of political levies by the Trades-Union law. The decision will also strengthen Labor in constituencies where the Coöperatives and the Labor Party have previously put up rival candidates. The former already have six members in Parliament, and nineteen nominees in the field.

In asking the Commons to approve its break with Russia the Baldwin Government took a step which marks a further diminution of the powers of the Crown. According to British theory the conduct of foreign affairs is vested solely in the monarch, and the consent of Parliament to a measure of this sort was not necessary. Not a single voice was raised, however, against Mr. Baldwin's procedure.

Happily less trouble than was anticipated accompanied the exclusion of

Mr. de Valera's followers, the second-strongest group elected to the Dail, *Ireland* from its deliberations because they refused to take the oath of allegiance. The Laborists, who constitute the main forces of the Opposition, approved the exclusion, and Mr. Johnson, their leader, thus justified it before the ballots were counted: 'Suppose the impossible were to happen and the whole one hundred and one candidates of Fianna Fail and Sinn Fein were elected. The remaining fifty-one members of the parties, though lacking moral authority, would still have the legal right and power to elect a government, and the government so elected, and no other, would have the legal authority to govern the country.' The *Irish Statesman* finds some consolation for the Government Party's losses in 'the almost complete extinction of Sinn Fein, the only group which still maintained in theory the right to upset constitutional verdicts by violence,' and in the fact that despite the multiplication of party groups 'the relative strength of Treatyites and Anti-Treatyites has not been radically modified.' In fact, Mr. de Valera and Sinn Fein between them received but three hundred and thirty thousand votes out of the one million, two hundred thousand polled.

France has been so concerned over the foreign situation since London's break with Moscow, Yugoslavia's break with Albania, and M. Briand's forced retirement from the Geneva Council meeting, that domestic politics have had a respite. Poincaré is supported with increasing reluctance by an openly hostile Chamber, and Léon Daudet sprang into the limelight at an opportune moment to amuse a somewhat listless Paris. That gentleman's pranks in defying arrest, and in 'taking French leave' later, belong to the humor rather than to the politics of the

month. At the final election in the Department de l'Aube the Republicans and Clericals finally swung over to the Moderate candidate, giving the Republican Union twenty-eight thousand votes as compared with twenty-five thousand for the Communists. This is not considered a reassuring victory. Senator François Coty, editor of *Figaro*, exclaims: 'Optimists, no matter how obstinate or obtuse, can no longer deny the existence of a Communist peril when that Party can muster twenty-five thousand ballots in a department which has only sixty-seven thousand registered voters. Twenty-five thousand French citizens have adhered to the Third International, and endorse its effort to destroy our Government and civilization.' However this may be, the Communists received a second setback at the Butte-Montmartre municipal election, where one of their most popular candidates, Jacques Sadoul, ran a bad third, with less than one quarter of the ballots cast, and a representative of the Republican Union was successful. Moreover, Communist voting statistics exaggerate the Party's actual strength. A Red ballot is a convenient outlet for any kicker's political resentment, and no other Party draws so much of its apparent support from voters not committed to its platform. In Germany the Social Democratic Party has about eight hundred thousand members and the Communist Party has less than ninety thousand, yet at the last election the Communists cast nearly one third as many ballots as the Social Democrats.

Germany watches with interest the threatened split in the Centre, or Clerical, Party. Since the Social Democrats have sloughed off their Communist wing and have made themselves the champions of evolutionary rather than revolutionary progress, they are attracting many recruits from the Labor

and petty bourgeois wing of the Clericals. *Kölnische Zeitung*, which is far from owing allegiance to either Party, draws this conclusion from the situation: 'If the Centre has imagined hitherto that it could keep Catholic workmen, and in particular the Christian trade-unions, true to its flag by constantly extending its social programme, it has been disillusioned. It has merely facilitated the passage of its members into the Social Democratic camp.' All parties are intent upon the next general election, which will probably occur toward the end of 1928. If the Centre Party should enter the contest as disunited as it is to-day, the Social Democrats might conceivably obtain an absolute majority. That is hardly probable, but it is an alluring hope that has put new life into their campaign — and also makes them cautious of alarming the country by overradical professions.

A ramification of the anti-Communist, colonial-independence campaign which is agitating Europe reached Holland last month, when the police suddenly raided the lodgings of a number of East Indian students in The Hague and at Leyden, nominally to confiscate propaganda literature in Malay, Javanese, and Chinese — we hardly imagine for direct consumption in the Netherlands — advocating East Indian independence. The authorities were said to be even more keen to pick up traces of a new Communist plot in Java and Sumatra. The students whose quarters were raided were members of the Perhimpoean Indonesia, a semi-secret revolutionary society to which most of the Netherlands Indies students in Europe belong. *Die Haagische Post* commends the Governor-General's recent speech to the 'People's Council' in the Indies, in which he said: 'The Government will make every effort to prevent communication between Rus-

sian and Dutch Communists and Indian Communists. The disastrous influence which Dutch Communists are exercising upon the Netherlands Indies has my closest attention.'

When the Belgrade Government prematurely withdrew its ambassador from Tirana on the strength of the arrest by the Albanian authorities of an absurd dragoman nominally attached to the embassy in Tirana but actually seized many miles away, some journalists, summoning up the threadbare shade of Serajevo, raised the hue and cry of war. But England and France have greater worries on their hands elsewhere, and are not likely to allow whatever fire there may be in that active peninsula to spread. Meanwhile internal dissensions at Belgrade promise to put a more prudent cabinet in office. M. Venizelos enjoys the enviable position of an Elder Statesman who has only to lift a finger to plunge all Greece into anxiety. By announcing in a Cretan newspaper that it would be a good plan to hold a plebiscite to decide between Republicanism and Monarchy, he created a political crisis in Athens that for a time seemed likely to start a new military revolt. Prompt explanations calmed the excitement in time, and the storm blew over, although the causes of the difficulty still remain. After a brief stop-gap following General Averescu's overthrow, a Bratiano Cabinet is again in power at Bucharest. Probably Parliament still favors the old General and his semirepublican programme, but he has antagonized the middle and upper classes by his antidynastic and pro-Italian policy. France and the Little Entente thus recover their ascendancy, and Mussolini's star, dimmed by his activities in Albania, and still more by his treaty with Hungary, Rumania's archfoe, is no longer the guiding planet of the Foreign Office.

During the past half-month Italy and Spain have not figured prominently on the international stage. Mussolini's characteristic speech on the internal situation late in May had the human-interest quality that attaches to any statement of private opinions by a significant personality. It might have been delivered by Frederick the Great in eighteenth-century Prussia, had old Fritz ever troubled to enlighten his subjects with his thoughts on things in general. Birth control, public health, alcoholism, the pernicious drift toward great cities, and other quasimoral social themes, were interwoven with admonitions to the municipal prefects to keep down expenses, with commendations of the police for their excellent work in suppressing the Mafia in Sicily, and with fair warning that it would take the speaker ten or fifteen years more to put Italy properly on her feet. Political interest in Spain still centres around the proposed Consultative Assembly to be appointed by Royal order to reform the Constitution and draft a new election law, but according to all reports the people are still sabotaging politics.

If a serious estrangement ever arises between the Anglo-Saxon Powers, it is

Russia — likely to be over either the
China freedom of the seas or the

rehabilitation of two great nations whose territorial contiguity and political instability make them a menacing world problem. Defenders of the British Empire instinctively dread, and with reason, a powerful and unified Russia. A strong, united, independent China would also threaten Britain's interests as a colonial Power in Asia, quite apart from any curtailment of her special commercial privileges it might bring. On the other hand, no vital American interest would be prejudiced by the recovery of Russia and the rejuvenation of China. Indeed, such de-

velopments might greatly profit us both commercially and politically. Some see in this fundamental divergence of the interests of London and Washington portentous possibilities for the future. That is carrying prophecy too far, but momentary clashes and irritations are perhaps inevitable. They would be more frequent and marked if the United States had as consistent and purposeful a foreign policy as Downing Street. Both Russia and China face as their first task ensuring a united nation. Apparently such union must be bought by bloodshed, on either the battlefield or the execution ground. It shocked the world to hear that a score or more political prisoners, some of them men of distinction and the highest character, had been ruthlessly shot by the Bolsheviks. Yet Mustapha Kemal was but sparingly criticized when he disposed in an equally summary way of an even larger number of his opponents. Nor must we forget that the Russians have precedents for claiming that some of the men executed were British spies. As the *New Statesman* explains in a recent issue, the British Secret Service 'got mixed up with counter-revolutionary propaganda in Russia during the period when Koltchak and Yudenitch and Denikin and Wrangel were making their ill-fated attempts to crush Bolshevism by force of arms; and it has never, we fear, altogether abandoned its activities in this field. The British officer who was caught by the police in Russia and shot in 1925 was in the employ of the Secret Service section of the Intelligence branch of the War Office, and with the approval of his superiors had been concerned in the organization of many futile counter-revolutionary plots.' Returning to Turkey, we quote the following curious story from the article just cited: 'When the late Lord Curzon was representing Great Britain in the negotiations with Ismet Pasha at

Lausanne, arrangements, which need not be described, were made by which all Ismet's telegraphic dispatches to his Government at Angora were in our hands almost before they had even reached their destination. Every morning on his breakfast table Lord Curzon found a copy of Ismet's private report of the previous day's proceedings, and, as Ismet had a pretty fancy and wished to stand well with his Government, these reports used almost invariably to contain some account of a wholly imaginary incident or passage of arms in which the Turk had "scored" heavily over the Marquis. These fairy tales used to make Lord Curzon so angry that he would enter the Conference room in the worst possible temper for effective negotiation; so that his subordinates were wont to damn the Secret Service and all its works.'

The situation in Russia is aggravated by the split between the Communists in power and their insurgent wing under Trotskii and Zinoviev, whose supporters are said to have been arrested by hundreds during the recent round-up of disaffected elements. Moscow's anger with Poland, furthermore, antedates the assassination of her envoy at Warsaw, for a consistent agitation has been conducted in that country for several years to induce the Ukraine to secede from the Federation of Soviet Republics. In fact, two alleged Polish spies have just been shot at Kharkof for instigating a revolt there. An article in a late issue of *Glos Pravdy*, — 'The Voice of Truth,' — a Pilsudski weekly published in Warsaw, argues: 'The Ukraine is what makes Russia dangerous. . . . It supplies seventy per cent of her cereals, seventy-five per cent of her coal, sixty-five per cent of her iron, and eighty-five per cent of her sugar.'

China's feeling that Great Britain is her archenemy is due only in a second-

ary way to Russian suggestion, though on the face of it she might have picked Japan as easily as England for her pet opponent. Neither does a Chinese mob distinguish, as a rule, between white foreigners of different nationalities. But Great Britain has the misfortune to represent the invading alien in Southern and Central China because her colony at Hongkong and her concessions elsewhere represent specific usurpations of Chinese territory. Yet while we can bracket Russia and China together in considering British foreign policy, which is comprehensive and consistent, we cannot do the same in case of Washington, whose hands-off attitude toward both nations is not scrupulously observed by its representatives. For example, according to the *North China Star*, an American paper published at Tientsin, it was the American Minister, Mr. MacMurray, who took the most active part in persuading Chang Tso-lin's officials at Peking to raid the Soviet Embassy there; and in doing so he is said to have acted at the instigation of Sir Miles Lampson, the British Minister.

As the centre of hostilities in China drifts northward Japan's interests are *China* — more directly affected,
Japan — while those of Great Britain are less immediately threatened than they were when the fighting was principally in the Yangtze Valley. Yet, if the press is the mouthpiece — or the maker — of Japanese opinion, the public did not welcome the dispatch of troops to Shantung. *Kokumin*, about the only nonobjector, argued that the forces were necessary, but that 'the idea of sending troops at the present juncture cannot be agreeable to any Power.' *Nichi Nichi* thought it would have been better for Japan to have kept her soldiers in readiness for departure in Manchuria. *Asahi* doubted whether the situation was grave enough

to justify the Government's action. *Hochi* asked whether there were 'no steps short of those extreme measures that might have been taken to meet the situation.' Japan also has a Social Democratic Party, which, true to type, adopted resolutions protesting against the expedition.

The Northerners in China are hard pressed for funds. We have already alluded to Chang Tso-lin's drastic attempts to raise them in Manchuria by issuing fiat, or near-fiat, money. At the time of writing, his *feng-piao* is quoted at only nine cents to the dollar. Shortly before the Northern officials evacuated Tsingtau they ordered foreign firms to remit forthwith five years' rent on their premises under pain of having their leases canceled if they refused. They also tried to cash in on future revenues by collecting advance taxes on liquor and tobacco. An additional tax of two dollars a carcass has been levied on sheep brought into Peking, so that mutton has risen from ten to forty cents a pound.

Japan's new Seiyukai Ministry evidently believes that to the victors belong the spoils, for it is replacing some twelve or thirteen Provincial Governors, supposed to favor its political opponents, with deserving members of its own Party. This wholesale vacating of high administrative posts, which it is said will include the Governors of Formosa and Korea, is a novel departure, for even the highest positions in the civil service have hitherto been regarded as outside the sphere of party politics.

Mr. Lang, the Labor Premier of New South Wales, resigned last month over a petty quarrel in the Cabinet. As a result it is expected that Parliament will be dissolved and a new state election held during August. The crisis is really the outcome of a split in the Labor Party as

to whether its Cabinet Ministers shall be controlled by the caucus or by the Trade-Union Congress, and it is likely that the fight will spread to other states of the Commonwealth. True to her practice of facing in the opposite direction from her sister states, Victoria swung toward Labor in the last election, when South Australia put that Party out of power and Western Australia reduced its delegation to an even one-half of the members of the Lower House. Consequently Mr. Hogan, a farmer forty-one years of age who in his youth worked several years as a gold miner and lumber jack, has become the third Labor Premier at Melbourne. One of his two predecessors held office only eleven days, and the other only four months. All the states in the Commonwealth with the exception of South Australia are now governed by Labor.

Politics are warming up in Mexico anticipatory to the coming presidential elections. General Obregón has thrown his hat into the ring backed by a manifesto of the 'Revolutionary Bloc of the House and the Senate' proclaiming him a champion of President Calles's policies. About the same time, a convention of more than seventeen hundred delegates of the National 'Anti-reëlection Party,' which professes to uphold Francisco Madero's ideals, and is opposed to Obregón's candidacy on the ground that it will start another of those alternations of two political partners in office that characterized the Porfirio Díaz régime, met in Mexico City, and nominated General Arnulfo R. Gómez for President in preference to José Vasconcelos, ex-Minister of Education, who is well known in the United States. A third candidate, General Francisco Serrano, who stands for the old Conservatives and the Clericals, is also in the field.

The Calles Government is said to

have entered into an understanding with Chile and Peru by which the representatives of those countries at her capital, and its representatives at Santiago and Lima, will be raised to the rank of ambassadors. Since the partial clarification of our relations with Mexico after the forged — or putatively forged — American diplomatic document exposure, we hear less of the latter country's alleged machinations in Central America. Politics have not quieted down in the latter region, however. A few weeks ago a prominent political journalist in Honduras, Abel Garcia Calix, was strolling with a friend through the crowded public gardens in Tegucigalpa, the capital, during a military concert, when a certain Colonel Calixto Carias met

him and, with a courteous '*Permitame,*' shot him dead. The Minister of War and the President's private secretary were seated a few steps away, but the assassin escaped. Shortly before committing the crime he informed his friends that he had intended to kill the first of three Opposition journalists, whom he mentioned by name, whom he chanced to meet. A local paper says: 'We hear persistent rumors that this is part of a plan to exterminate the leaders of a movement to rescue the Government from the present hateful political tyranny.' This incident is fairly representative of the intensity of political passions in these tiny republics; nor is it entirely unrepresentative of the way those passions commonly express themselves.



MUSSOLINI (to the Monarch). After this, England will be our Latin sister.
—Cyrano, Paris



SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS (after the break with Russia). Alone I did it.
—New Leader, London

CHINA'S PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION¹

BY ARTHUR DE C. SOWERBY

THE author of the following article was born in China, where he has spent the greater part of his life. He is well known as an explorer, having traveled all over the country, as well as in neighboring Mongolia and Manchuria. He speaks the language, is a keen student of modern Chinese history, and a competent observer of men and affairs. Few foreigners possess so intimate a knowledge of the country and its people as he, while his many experiences during the past twenty years render him competent to speak with authority.

It is absolutely essential to the world's peace and progress that something be done, and that right quickly, to set China's house in order, for she is becoming more and more a menace to present-day civilization. The eruptions and turmoil within are having their effect without, and there is an increasing danger of other nations being drawn into conflict over China. Not only so, but this chaos in China is upsetting the world's commercial balance. Four hundred million people and vast stretches of territory cannot be withdrawn from the world's markets and commercial activities without disturbing their equilibrium and causing financial losses to other sections of the human family. The Russian Soviet agents in China were quick to recognize this, as is shown by a document seized by the Peking Government in the

Soviet Embassy, which points out that the Chinese revolution is one of the most important and most powerful factors in disturbing the stability of capitalism.

Though foreign residents in China, not excluding the members of the diplomatic and consular services, are alive to these dangers and understand the situation in China to-day, it is difficult to make the home governments understand it and to get them to adopt the only means to meet it adequately and effectively. Naturally, the governments of countries like Great Britain and America reflect the mental state of their people, and if the people are ignorant of the true state of affairs and fail to grasp the necessity of drastic action a similar attitude may be expected from their governments.

Chinese both in China and abroad, egged on, aided, and to a very considerable extent financed, by the Soviets, have been pouring propaganda into America, Great Britain, and other European countries, placing China in the light of an awakening nation, honestly seeking the light, reaching out for freedom and equality with other nations, and kept from attaining her just aspirations by the imperialistic oppression of foreign Powers, especially Great Britain. The true facts of the case — China's utter inability to maintain order within her borders; to run her public enterprises, such as the postal, customs, and railway services, and the collection of the salt taxes, without foreign aid; to prevent the

¹ From *North China Herald* (Shanghai British weekly), May 21

misappropriation of public funds and the imposition of illegal taxation; to check the horrors of civil war; and to eliminate the ever-increasing robber bands that harry the towns, cities, and villages, looting, burning, murdering, and carrying away for ransom helpless citizens and farmers — have either been carefully suppressed or, if mentioned, have been belittled and characterized as necessary and inevitable evils that must occur during the transition from the old monarchical régime to the new republican system. The facts, that this has been the condition for fifteen years and that things have been going from bad to worse, are carefully kept in the background. 'Let China work out her own salvation' has been the burden of the propagandists.

Almost nothing has been done to counteract all this, and public sympathy with China and belief in her capacity to straighten out her own affairs has been created; so that now, when her internal chaos is making itself felt outside, and foreigners have been engulfed in the turmoil, it is extremely difficult to make the people at home appreciate the true significance of it all and support their governments in such action as is necessary. Though Great Britain has her pro-China propagandists and fanatical missionaries, who have shamelessly misrepresented the state of affairs, she has been better informed than America — which accounts for the fact that the British Government foresaw what might happen to Shanghai and was able to send out a strong military force in time to save that city from a catastrophe similar to that which overtook Nanking. But in America the deliberate misleading of the public has been nothing short of iniquitous. Not only have her people been deliberately misinformed by certain newspaper correspondents in Shanghai and Peking, but efforts

made by reputable bodies of Americans in China to get the truth over to their countrymen at home have been suppressed. Though the American people may be ignorant, the American Government is not; but it appears to be acting more upon the ignorance of the public than upon knowledge of the actual facts in its possession.

Since the Nanking outrages, the majority of Americans who know China, not excluding the greater part of the missionary body, are unanimous in the opinion that nothing short of drastic action will clear up the situation. They also know that foreign treaties, treaty ports under foreign control, and extraterritorial rights have had nothing whatever to do with the present chaos in China, and that their abolition would only make confusion worse confounded and withdraw from China the last semblance of law and order.

The chief difficulty in bringing the people of Great Britain, America, and Europe to a true understanding of conditions in China is that these are so fantastic, so unbelievable, so altogether beyond reason, while propagandists' stories of China's progress, her determination to establish a sound republican government, and her nationalistic aspirations are so plausible on the face of them, that the rational mind naturally rejects the former and accepts the latter. This makes the idea of intervention and the use of force to put China to rights repugnant. Such action is considered out of date, an anachronism. The world to-day is said to have outgrown this kind of thing. Yet, as everybody who has carefully studied the whole question knows, there is no other possible way of restoring law and order in China in time to save her from collapse and ruin. Short of leaving China to exhaust herself and then slowly to rebuild upon

the wreckage, — a process that would take many decades, — there is nothing to be done but for the big nations of the world to step in and straighten things out, using force if necessary, but acting concertedly, and with China's own good in view. There is a vast difference between such action and the conquest and subsequent exploitation which the Chinese fear. What is more, plenty of evidence exists to show that a large section of the Chinese community, especially the merchant class, would welcome such intervention.

The Peking Government, the only one that shows even a semblance of being constitutional, has practically ceased to function outside the city's walls. The country is dominated by war lords or by political factions, as the case may be, who have usurped the offices of government over more or less extensive areas, and who are at war with each other.

They are: —

1. Chang Tso-lin, who now dominates Manchuria, Chihli, Shantung, and parts of Honan, Anhwei, and Kiangsu. Under him is Chang Chung-chang, who is pressing down upon Nanking along the Tientsin-Pukou Railway against Chiang Kai-shek. Chang Tso-lin's troops, known as the Fengtien troops, are also pressing down upon Hankow along the Peking-Hankow Railway. More or less loosely allied with him are Sun Chuan-fang, now in North Kiangsu, north of the Yangtze, and Wu Pei-fu, somewhere in Honan or Hupeh. This is the Ankuochun Party, and its avowed intention is to annihilate the Communists.

2. Chiang Kai-shek, who was commander-in-chief of the Southern or Nationalist armies up to the time of the split in that party. He now heads the moderates, supporting the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen's 'Three Principles,' and has launched an attack on the left

wing or Communistic section of the Nationalist Party, represented by Eugene Chen and Borodin at Hankow. He holds Kiangsu, south of the Yangtze, Chekiang, Fukien, and Kwangtung, but has two fronts to face — that looking north, whence Chang Chung-chang and Sun Chuan-fang are attacking him, and that looking west up the valley of the Yangtze, where lie his enemies of the Nationalist left wing.

3. Feng Yu-hsiang, the so-called 'Christian General,' who exercises control over Kansu and Shensi in the northwest, and whose sympathies are with the Southerners, though it is not yet clear whether he favors the right or left wing. He is the enemy of Chang Tso-lin, and it is expected that he will launch attacks upon the Fengtienites either through North Shansi or along the Pien-lo Railway in Honan, south of the Yellow River.

4. Yen Hsi-shan, the military governor of the 'Model Province,' Shansi, whose one object is to keep Shansi from becoming involved in the general turmoil, and who has succeeded in holding that province on an even keel ever since the day of the outbreak of the revolution in 1911, when he took charge. This is the only bright spot in the whole dark picture.

5. The fifth group, that of the Hankow Nationalists, is not under any one military man, but is dominated by Borodin, the Soviet agent from Moscow, and Eugene Chen. It is not easy to say just how much territory this group controls, but it may be put down roughly as Central China and the Yangtze Valley as far as Kiukiang. This group is frankly Communistic and bitterly antiforeign, and all the outrages hitherto committed upon foreigners and foreign property in China are either the direct action of members of this group or are traceable to their influence.

This leaves West China to be accounted for. The province of Kweichow appears to be fairly quiet. Szechwan is in more or less of a turmoil, and is frankly antifeign. General Yang Sen, whose high-handed action in seizing British ships precipitated the Wanhsien incident, is the leading figure here, and he appears to be acting independently, though at one time owning allegiance to Wu Pei-fu. Yunnan scarcely counts for anything just now, and, except for bandits, who are very bad, appears to be fairly quiet; though even there rival military factions indulge in sporadic fights with each other.

From the above survey it will be seen that, with the exception of Shansi and Kweichow, the whole of the eighteen provinces of China are the scene of actual warfare. Add to this the facts that throughout the whole of China well-organized bandit hordes are operating on a more or less extensive scale, that in certain areas, notably in the north-central regions, the local populace is extensively mobilized into bands, such as the 'Red Spears Society,' for protection against bandits and the military, and that the soldiers everywhere do as much looting and plundering as fighting, and we have a picture of such unutterable chaos and misery that it is hard for the Western mind to envisage it.

There is no hope from any of the war lords, because not one of them, except Yen Hsi-shan of Shansi, cares for anything but his own enrichment and personal aggrandizement. Each is in the game centirly for what he can get out of it, while everywhere is the sinister influence of the Communist agents of Moscow, working ceaselessly to increase the confusion and chaos, never allowing it to die down, egging the Chinese on against the foreigner — in

short, doing everything within their power to bring about a cataclysm. In Central China they have succeeded in rousing the laboring classes to a point beyond even their control, so that all commercial and industrial enterprise is at a standstill and nothing but ruin faces manufacturers and the merchant and shopkeeper classes, while the wealthy are being mulcted by the self-appointed government and made to contribute large sums to its support. As the factories are closed, the laboring and artisan classes are all out of employment, and the self-appointed government is hard put to it to keep the hungry masses from starvation.

There is no hope of a settlement in the near future, since not one of these warring elements is strong enough to defeat the others, and the tide of battle sweeps ceaselessly up and down the country. Now one party advances, only to retreat in disorder. This is followed by the crumpling up of the erstwhile victors. As soon as one of the militarists or one of the parties promises to dominate the situation, treachery brings him or it down again to the common level. Meanwhile the people suffer, their homes are looted and burned, they are impressed as soldiers, or are marched off as carriers, mere beasts of burden for the looters. At best, the troops are billeted upon them. They are made to feed the soldiers without payment of any sort. There is no end to the picture of horror that could be drawn; the sum total of the misery and suffering in China since the outbreak of the revolution in 1911 is not to be calculated. The loss of life must run into hundreds of thousands, if not millions; while the destruction of property is beyond computing. And the appalling thing is that it is growing steadily worse. No solution can come from within — nothing but a dreary vista of wars, intrigue,

massacres, corruption, rapine, and the final dissolution of a once proud Empire into a number of petty, mutually antagonistic states. There are no longer any forces in China that will hold it together; only disintegrating forces are left.

The break-up of China, the destruction of foreign prestige and interests, and the domination of the Bolsheviks, would be the signal for similar disturbances to begin in other Asiatic countries. India would follow suit, and Japan would not escape. Flushed with success, the Russian Communists would sweep through Asia, destroying existing systems and forcing the whole continent back into the misery of the Dark Ages. Yet there are those who actually suggest that the foreign concessions shall be abandoned to this mess and welter, that foreign interests shall be placed in the hands of those who have shown themselves utterly incapable of managing their own affairs, and that foreign residents shall give themselves up to be governed by the rogues who have brought about the ruin of this great country.

The Powers at present involved, arranged in the order of the extent of their interests, are Great Britain, Japan, France, the United States of America, and Italy. These Powers should combine to formulate a joint policy. There should be no special spheres of influence, as these lead to international jealousies, but all military and civil operations should be carried out in close coöperation. Plans should be made for the dispatching to China of naval and military forces large enough to patrol the coasts and the Yangtze River and to garrison the treaty ports and guard the railways. To do this very few more war vessels than are now on the China coast would be needed, while well under one hundred thousand foreign troops would be

ample to occupy all the railways and treaty ports. In order to give China one more chance of setting her house in order, the Powers should then send an ultimatum to the various war lords and the heads of the political factions, ordering them immediately to cease hostilities, and to meet at some central point for a round-table consultation with a view to coming to terms and establishing adequate government for the country, either as a whole or in sections. The safety of all would be guaranteed by the Powers, whose representatives would watch the proceedings.

If this round-table conference were successful, well and good. The plans for dispatching foreign troops to China would be shelved for the time being, though the threat of intervention would be maintained till such time as the system or systems of government evolved at the conference had been put into effect and had proved to be adequate for the maintenance of law and order, the restoration of peace, and the reestablishment of amicable relations with foreign Powers. If the militarists and political leaders failed to comply with the demand to hold such a conference, or if, having been called, it proved a failure, then the plans for occupation would be put into effect.

A provisional government by the five Powers would be established, which would operate with due consideration of the Chinese legal code, and would have complete jurisdiction over all foreigners in China as well as the Chinese. The customs, postal, and salt and land tax services would be taken over and conducted in such a way as to provide the necessary funds to run the country and maintain the army of pacification. Illegal taxation would be stopped. Chinese district magistrates would be retained in office and backed by the provisional

government as long as they administered their districts satisfactorily. Wherever possible, Chinese would be used in the higher administrative posts. The military and naval commands would at once begin organizing and training Chinese soldiers and sailors, and out of the present rabble would be made smaller, but efficient, well-trained, and well-disciplined, armies under foreign officers, capable of preventing banditry and maintaining the peace of the country. In a similar way, a navy strong enough to patrol the inland waterways and coastal waters and suppress piracy would be built up.

As soon as this had been done, a process of withdrawal would begin, both

civil and military. On the civil side, well-trained Chinese officials would gradually be worked into higher and higher positions of responsibility. The same would apply to the military side, and in the end China would be left with a stable and efficient government that would be wholly Chinese, and that would enjoy complete sovereignty in its own dominions. Automatically all questions of extraterritorial rights, the holding of Chinese soil by foreign Powers, and customs autonomy, would be solved by elimination. Thus would China be given a good government, regain her peace and prosperity, and be placed on a footing of equality with other nations.

CHINA'S ECONOMIC FUTURE¹

BY * * *

No one can predict China's political future in the midst of her present uncertainty and chaos, but we can forecast her economic future with considerable assurance. Her independence movement, which in one form or another is sure eventually to succeed, has definite economic objects. The first of these is to liberate the nation from foreign financial and commercial control, to win complete tariff autonomy, and to place the economic direction of the country entirely in the hands of its own people.

The fight for tariff autonomy is an old one. It began long before we heard of the Canton movement. It has been

resisted bitterly by the foreign Powers, particularly by England, and — less determinedly — by Japan. The British have shrunk from no subterfuge in their campaign. It explains why they have encouraged the continuance of the *likin*, or inland tax upon goods transported from one district to another. For such internal duties are levied on Chinese goods only, and not on foreign merchandise. As a result, Chinese matches, for example, which were so cheap in Shanghai that foreign matches could not compete with them, cost so much in the next province, on account of the *likin*, that they could not compete with foreign matches there. This naturally tended to stifle the native match manufacture even in Shanghai

¹ From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), April 30

itself. Many other instances might be mentioned of the devices employed to prevent the Chinese from making at home the articles they consume.

One reason why the English have been so active in trying to stifle native competition is that their trade with China, though larger than that of any other nation, has ceased to grow. This was true even before the boycott on British goods. Meanwhile imports from the United States have more than doubled since before the war, and those from Japan have risen rapidly. Moreover, much Japanese capital is being invested in the country.

While England's hostility to tariff autonomy has been consistent and unceasing, that of Japan has been vacillating. For the Japanese have put up factories of their own in China, and they also fear to antagonize the independence movement for broad political reasons. The United States has always championed the policy of an open door and favored China's economic development. For, since the Americans control, as they do, the most modern processes of production, and are able to export capital freely, they are not interested in the business colonization of China. Naturally Soviet Russia has enthusiastically backed China in her effort to secure tariff autonomy, because that may undermine English prosperity.

As soon as the national movement had demonstrated its strength, Japan swung completely around to the American point of view. She fears above all things the appearance of allying herself with the West against the self-determination of the East. This has left the British isolated in their efforts to keep the Chinese from fixing their own customs duties. We may therefore predict with confidence that, irrespective of what party wins in the present civil

war, China will soon have complete tariff independence.

What will the probable effect of this be upon China's industrial evolution? We can hardly gainsay that it will hasten it greatly. It is interesting to compare the growth of the foreign commerce of the three largest Asiatic nations, Japan, India, and China, since the war. This growth has been confined almost entirely to Japan and China. While British India's share in world trade has remained practically stationary, Japan's has nearly doubled, and China's has increased by about one half. England's political control of India, which has always hampered her domestic industrial development, has evidently also stunted her foreign commerce. Japan, who is free from alien restraint, has gone ahead the fastest. China, who is still independent politically, stands midway between India and Japan commercially. Let China control her tariffs, and her rate of progress will presumably approximate that of Japan. In this connection we should bear in mind that she is more backward in industrial development at the present time than either Japan or British India. This is shown, among other things, by the number of kilometres of railway in operation on different dates:—

	1890	1913	1920	1922
British India	27,000	55,761	58,459	59,972
China	200	9,854	11,624	11,004

India has almost as much railway mileage as Germany. On the other hand, China's mileage at the present time is only about two fifths that of India thirty-five years ago.

A comparison of industrial employment shows similar differences. Unfortunately, we have no precise statistics on this subject. A Japanese estimate, which is probably the best there is, places the number of industrial

employees in China at about five million, of whom perhaps one third are on the pay rolls of large establishments. Relatively to the population, Germany, for example, has from twenty to thirty times as many industrial workers as China; and the value of Japan's foreign trade per capita is about ten times that of China.

In view of China's great territorial extent, any marked acceleration in her economic development will have a decided influence upon world commerce. We can forecast this to some extent by what has happened previously in Asia. The two opposite poles of that continent's economic development hitherto are represented by Japan and China. Japan's capitalist expansion has followed the same course as that of Europe. She has financed herself. To be sure, there are foreign investments in the Island Empire, but their annual amount compared with new investments of native capital is negligible. Japan has never been financially dependent, any more than she has been politically dependent, upon a foreign state. Consequently her economic progress has been determined exclusively by her own interests. Her tariffs have been designed to protect manufactures and encourage domestic industry. As soon as she was able to manufacture her own factory equipment she did so. With the development of modern industry at home her foreign trade has multiplied.

In India the course of events has been entirely different. The English have exported to India not only their manufactures but also their capital. The railways of that country are not owned by natives; they were built with British loans, by British contractors, from British materials. India's heavy indebtedness to Great Britain reveals itself to-day in her balance of trade. While Japan's exports and imports

over a long period of years — abnormal conditions have upset the equilibrium since the war — are about the same, India has always exported much more than she has imported. She has been forced to do so in order to pay her annual interest bill to England. The English, as the political and financial masters of the country, have directed its development to their own advantage. They have, indeed, tried to organize the country on a capitalist basis, but without local manufactures. In fact, they have discouraged such manufactures by every means in their power. After destroying the native textile industry, they did not for many years erect spinning mills in India itself, but supplied that country with goods from Lancashire. It was not until shortly before the outbreak of the war that this situation began slowly to change, and local factories were erected here and there. Naturally they grew rapidly during the war. Lancashire spinners are now feeling the result. They have not only lost many of their former customers in India, but they realize that, with her cheaper labor, her favorable geographical situation, and her local raw materials, India may eventually drive them out of other Asiatic markets.

China's evolution as a manufacturing nation will probably follow more closely that of Japan. It is significant that even to-day a far larger fraction of the industrial capital employed in that country is owned by natives than is the case in India. This will undoubtedly be increasingly true as time goes on. While during the period of rapid expansion which we may reasonably anticipate as soon as her political horizon clears up she will doubtless import large amounts of capital, her people will make every effort to escape from their dependence upon outside funds as soon as possible. Moreover, a politically

autonomous China will certainly pursue the same policy of encouraging local manufactures that Japan has followed in the past.

This new situation will naturally affect the country's foreign trade. The government will discourage imported manufactures in order to favor domestic industries. On the other hand, it will facilitate the importation of factory machinery and other instruments of production. England cannot resist this tendency, because she will stand alone. The United States and Japan may view it with favor, each for a different motive. America is not vitally interested in the particular aspect of her China market that will be thus affected, because China takes only a small fraction of her total exports. The Japanese are primarily interested in seeing China a strong nation. They are trying to win her favor because they count upon her industrial progress to broaden rather than to narrow their Chinese market. About one fifth of Japan's exports already go to China. She will not imperil this market by antagonizing its people.

We may expect, therefore, that the present struggle in China, which has become a fight for economic as well as

political emancipation, will eventually accelerate her industrial development. She will do all in her power to produce at home the manufactures her people consume; she will buy freely abroad for the time being the machinery she requires; and she will favor in her trade relations the countries that stand for the open door. Germany's interests ally her with the United States and Japan at this point.

China is very rich in industrial raw materials. Many geologists believe that her coal resources are equal to those of all the rest of the world. After a period of transition, therefore, she will have brought her iron and steel industries to a point where she can supply her own machinery of production. When that is accomplished, her trade with the United States, England, Japan, and Germany will come to resemble closely the existing commerce between those four nations. But in view of China's vast territorial extent and enormous population, the transitional period will doubtless be a long one. When it is ended the world will be the richer by a great new centre of production, though the older industrial countries may have lost certain of their present markets.

RUSSIAN STATISTICS AND SNAPSHOTS

A FARRAGO OF FACT AND OPINION

RUSSIA'S RED ARMY¹

FOR some time now the Red Army has been in the process of reorganization with the object of making it more effective for both foreign war and world revolution. The regular Red Army consists at present of twenty-one infantry corps and forty-one cavalry corps, embracing fifty-four infantry and eight cavalry divisions, nine separate cavalry brigades, and seven divisions of heavy artillery. In addition there are fifteen liaison regiments, seventeen radio telegraph battalions, a large number of antiquated English and French tanks, several defective armored automobiles, and about sixty somewhat dilapidated armored trains of use only in case of civil war. The air fleet consists of eight hundred airplanes and thirteen aviation battalions.

The Soviet Government has its own airplane factories, and also a factory for making poison gas. The latter is enveloped in considerable mystery, but great attention is devoted to it.

On a peace footing the whole Red Army embraces five hundred and sixty-two thousand men, or less than half the strength of the old Imperial Army, which numbered one million, three hundred thousand. Besides the regulars and militia, there are a separate 'Caucasian Red Banner Troop' and a special division in Turkestan. Consid-

erations of economy account for the fact that the present army is smaller than the old one and that many of its units are incomplete. For the same reason the militia system has been introduced. Eight hundred thousand recruits are called to that service annually, from which thirty infantry divisions and a cavalry brigade are formed.

Russia's best soldiers are concentrated around Moscow and Leningrad, for prompt employment against 'domestic enemies.' These troops are well equipped, well fed, and tried and tested Communists. Before enrollment in the regular army young men nineteen and twenty years of age are called to the colors for one month's training under the direction of special instructors. Their regular service begins when they are twenty-one years old, and lasts for five years theoretically, but as a rule soldiers actually serve only two years, and enlisted men in the navy four years. After that they are transferred to the Reserve.

Each Russian Army division has three regiments, each regiment three battalions, each battalion three companies. Nearly eighty-four per cent of the privates are peasants, eleven per cent are workmen, and only five per cent belong to other social classes. In the officers' corps the proportion of workmen as compared with peasants is larger, but the bourgeois percentage is about the same. More than half of the navy officers, however, come from the bourgeoisie. Every effort is made by the Government to increase the

¹By Hamilcar, Baron of Fölckersam, former member of the Russian Duma, in *Preussische Jahrbücher* (Berlin Conservative-Nationalist historical monthly), June

proletarian element. Officers surviving from the old Imperial Army are eliminated as rapidly as possible. Since 1924 the proportion of Communists among officers in actual command of troops has risen from twenty-six per cent to forty-five per cent. In the navy they number only twenty per cent, and despite all the efforts of the Government this percentage is decreasing.

The military and general education of officers leaves much to be desired. About one third of them are graduates of the military academies, but not more than one third altogether have finished secondary-school courses, and a majority have only a common-school education. At present twelve members of the faculty of the Military Academy are former Imperial General Staff officers, but here likewise Communist doctrine counts for more than military science in promotion. In addition there exists a complete group of War Schools, which meet the modest standards set for them, and in general are not badly organized. Of the sixty institutions of this kind, sixteen are for infantry, seven for cavalry and artillery, three for navy men, four for miscellaneous services, three for engineering, ten for aviation, and the remainder for 'general preparation.' Garrisons of picked troops are stationed at all points where such schools exist, and every precaution is taken to prevent their becoming centres of subversive teaching. Only carefully tried and tested Communist applicants are admitted to their courses.

It is proposed, though the plan has not yet been put into effect, to extend compulsory service to various Asiatic tribes and to the Mohammedans in Turkestan and the Caucasus, who have never hitherto been drafted, even during the days of the Tsars.

Great importance is attached to the political instruction of the common

soldiers, and an army of eighty thousand people, directly dependent upon the Communist Party, is engaged in this work. Commanding officers find it exceedingly difficult to perform their duties properly, because they are constantly interfered with by two civilian officials at their elbow, the 'Revolutionary Leader' and the 'Political Commissar.' This system has caused so much friction and dissatisfaction, however, and has so impaired the military efficiency of the service, that the Government has finally decided to modify it. So not long ago the authority of the Commissars was radically curtailed, and they are now limited to strictly educational functions.

Something of the spirit of their instruction may be gathered from the following 'principles' which are laid down as fundamental in the Red Army Schools:—

'An end to "love your neighbors"; what we must cultivate is hatred; we must learn to hate, for only thus can we conquer the world.'

'Religion and Communism are theoretically and practically incompatible.'

'Even the best Christians are our worst enemies; they preach that we must love our neighbors and be merciful—doctrines that are contrary to our principles and hinder the revolution.'

'We have cast down the rulers of the earth; we must now attack the Kings of Heaven.'

Special mention should be made of the Cheka forces now under the control of that body's successor. They consist of thirteen regiments of infantry and three of cavalry, the border guards, and special detachments. Altogether some two hundred and fifty thousand men (*sic*) are thus under the direct orders of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. They form, strictly speaking, the Army of the Third International,

and are designed to be employed principally against 'domestic enemies' — that is, the people at home. Consequently several of these regiments, and a very large proportion of the officers, are foreigners, among whom Chinese, Letts, Germans, Poles, Kirghiz, and members of other Asiatic tribes under Soviet sovereignty, predominate. This force includes all arms of the service, even an aviation squadron, an armored-automobile detachment, tanks, and gas formations.

Upon the whole the present Red Army is unquestionably much inferior to the old Tsarist Army. Even the former Imperial establishment suffered from the defective education and preparation of its officers, except those of the Guards and the special services, and was technically far below the armies of Western Europe, and especially that of Germany. Its Military Academy and its General Staff were likewise under par. To-day all these deficiencies have been aggravated. Most of the Red Army officers are drawn from social classes which have no traditions, military or otherwise, behind them. They differ from the common soldiers only by having taken a short preparatory course in an Army School. Notwithstanding the iron discipline enforced and the tremendous effort that has been made to improve its organization, the Red Army is not, and cannot be, an effective military weapon, because it is incompetently commanded. Well-qualified officers are necessary, of course, in any army, but they are peculiarly necessary in a Russian army, where the soldiers will perform wonders under competent and trusted leadership, but are utterly useless without it.

Added to this, the officers themselves are only half-hearted Communists. The necessity of selecting them on a basis of their political convictions

rather than of their military qualifications is fatal to esprit de corps, especially since this necessity applies also to the selection of teachers for the Military Academy and Army Schools. When the survivors of the Imperial Army who still remain in Soviet service have passed from the scene, therefore, they will leave no competent successors behind them.

As a consequence of all this, the Red Army cannot fight an offensive war. The only practical service it can render the Government is in suppressing domestic disorder. Even here it may not prove entirely dependable, because the peasants are rapidly tiring of Communism, and they constitute a majority of the recruits. Last year an epidemic of petty mutinies broke out in both the Army and the Navy. They were promptly and sternly suppressed, but they were symptomatic of widespread discontent. This is frankly recognized by the Bolsheviki themselves. On two occasions last year a large number of officers were summarily discharged, nominally for reasons of economy, but actually to 'purify the service.' These wholesale dismissals caused so much discontent that it was necessary to summon about one hundred of the higher officers to Moscow to discuss ways and means of fostering a better spirit among the troops. During the conference the Commander-in-Chief of the Red Army, Voroschilov, frankly said to these army representatives: 'Your forces have lost much of their political value, and you yourselves have lost much of your authority over them.' It is particularly worthy of note that a large group of these officers took the opportunity of the conference to submit a memorandum to the effect that 'the restoration of regular promotions based on strictly military qualifications is absolutely essential in order to restore discipline among the troops.'

Recent foreign complications have forced the Soviet Government to look more sharply than hitherto to the efficiency of its army, and the Revolutionary War Council of the Soviet Union has just issued a new scheme for mobilization. Among other points agreed upon was the urgent need of concluding neutrality treaties with Finland, Esthonia, and Latvia. Poland was recognized to be the danger point, but precautions were considered necessary on every threatened front, especially the western and eastern frontiers, where 'it might be necessary to start offensive operations at any moment.' S. Kamenev, a former colonel of the Imperial General Staff, was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in the Field, and well-known and competent officers were placed in command of the troops on the Polish, the Rumanian, and the Baltic frontier, respectively. A mobile cavalry army under the command of General Budenny, who won fame in the last war with Poland, is again to be stationed near the western border.

Moscow is really more concerned, however, over the domestic situation than over the contingency of a foreign war. The peasants are openly hostile, and the present authorities have ample reason to believe that a general mobilization and a concentration of troops on the frontier would be followed by dangerous insurrections in the provinces. Indeed, many people in Russia would welcome a foreign war for the opportunity it might give to overthrow the present Government. We know this from the frank declarations of the Bolshevik leaders themselves.

Considering, therefore, the unpreparedness of the Army, the unreliability of the Officers' Corps in spite of strenuous measures to ensure its loyalty to Communism, and the possibility of widespread disorders at home in case

of hostilities abroad, we may feel certain that the Soviets will resolve on a foreign war only in the utmost extremity, only as a last desperate cast of the die to defend their hold on the government.

THE HARRIMAN CONCESSION²

[THIS account of the recent revision of the Harriman contract with the Soviet Government, apparently records a new stage in Moscow's concession policy.]

ON June 4 the contract entered into between the Soviet Government and the Harriman firm early in 1925 for working the manganese deposits in Chiaturi was officially amended. Some such action had been anticipated in well-informed circles from the very beginning of the negotiations. The fixed tax of three dollars a ton has been abolished in favor of a sliding-scale tax adjusted to the price of ore, not falling below a minimum of one dollar and fifty cents. Harriman is also released from his obligation to convert the narrow-gauge railway from the high mountain valley in which Chiaturi is situated to Poti into a wide-gauge road. Instead of that he agrees to spend three million dollars improving the present line, which was built by the Germans before the war.

Special interest attaches to the settlement of the Nikopol question. Harriman supposed, when he acquired the Chiaturi lease, that he would have a virtual monopoly of Russia's manganese output; but the very year in which he took over his concession the Soviet Government rapidly developed its manganese deposits at Nikopol, which prior to the war had produced only ninety thousand tons per annum and

²By Paul Scheffer, in *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), June 9

had subsequently been virtually abandoned. The marketing of this ore was taken over by a German firm. This great increase in the Nikopol output was not due to any intention of injuring Harriman, but to the Soviet Government's urgent need of money. Under the new agreement Moscow gives Harriman a certain degree of control over all the manganese produced in Soviet territories. The Nikopol output is to be reduced by gradual stages during the next four years so that Harriman will be able to dispose of the five hundred thousand tons of Chiaturi ore that he must sell in order to make his books balance. Last year he could find a market for only four hundred and thirty-two thousand tons, and, as is well known, lost heavily on his enterprise.

This amended contract runs for eighteen years, and contains a number of penalties for nonfulfillment. Certain details relating to the amount of new capital Harriman will put into his undertaking have not yet been made public. Neither do we know by just what methods Harriman is to control the total manganese output of Soviet Russia.

Beyond question, the Moscow authorities were moved to make this new arrangement with Harriman by a desire to show the world that they could still do business notwithstanding the break with England, and that they were ready to deal in a reasonable and conciliatory way with the business men of other countries. *Izvestia* lays emphasis upon this. America, although not one of the governments with which the Soviet authorities maintain 'normal relations,' is just now being shown particular consideration. This was also evident in the award to a Chicago firm in competition with the Siemens Company of a contract for the Dnieper improvements. . . .

I had an opportunity a day or two

ago to discuss the future concession policy of the Government with a very high official in the Concessions Bureau. One point brought out in our conversation was that the authorities intend hereafter to assure themselves, before granting a concession, that it is likely to prove profitable. This is a subject with which they have not concerned themselves heretofore. It seems to be recognized that the Government must assume a certain amount of moral responsibility in this matter. Doubtless that truth has been impressed upon the Government by the general failure of the concessions granted during the last six years. My informant was very hopeful as to the success of the policy *per se*. He said, among other things: 'About twenty per cent of the business of Soviet Russia could be placed in foreign hands without any serious danger to our system.' I am convinced that a new spirit prevails in the Concessions Bureau. But the Slavkonzesskom is only one wheel in the Soviet system, and it is not the steering wheel.

COLONIES AND REBELLION³

[We print the following article as a particularly lucid statement of the theory behind the Communist policy of agitation in colonies and dependencies. It affords a key to an important chapter in current history.]

FRANCE possesses a colonial empire second in importance only to that of Great Britain. Her dependencies have an area twenty times as large as the mother country, and a population of more than sixty millions. They were acquired by military expeditions and wars between 1876 and 1914. After the World War, France also shared in the distribution of the German colonies and

³ From *Clarté* (Paris Radical pacifist weekly), May 15

acquired other territories, like Syria, which are held under the hypocritical title of 'League mandates.'

Since the world's 'unoccupied' territories have now been divided up among a half-dozen Great Powers, the inequality in this distribution has become a new source of rivalry and dissension among nations, threatening to peace. Capitalist society is moving toward high-tariff policies, and the country that possesses the most colonies is best assured of future markets. France is liberally endowed in this respect, possessing as she does abundant overseas sources of raw materials and vast future markets in her possessions for the products of her labor.

Up to the World War, France was a country with but moderate manufacturing development. Her people preferred to invest their savings in foreign enterprises and government bonds rather than in founding industries and developing their colonial empire. The war, however, completely transformed the bases of French capitalism, increased the nation's dependence on foreign trade, and concentrated its mobile wealth in the hands of a small group of great industrial banks. This quickly revolutionized relations between the mother country and her colonies.

According to the most recent statistics, prior to the war France annually bought abroad goods to the value of nearly one and one-half billion francs gold more than she sold abroad. Since 1924, however, her exports have exceeded her imports by two hundred and sixty million francs gold a year. On the other hand, the interest her people receive upon capital invested in other countries has fallen from one billion, eight hundred million francs in 1913 to less than one half of a billion francs to-day. Nevertheless, France is steadily accumulating wealth. Before the

war her annual savings available for foreign investment averaged about one billion, three hundred and forty million gold francs annually. To-day they have again reached the same figure. But the money is at present in different hands. Before the war it belonged for the most part to people of moderate means. That class of the population has been robbed of most of its savings, however, by inflation, and its property has been transferred, through jugglery with the franc, to the coffers of great manufacturers and financiers. These new possessors of the national wealth have an entirely different psychology from their predecessors. They see great possibilities in the development of our colonial empire. Trade statistics already tell the result.

For example, in 1919 French West Africa exported produce to the value of two hundred and ninety-two million francs and imported to the value of three hundred and twenty-four million; in 1925 it exported to the value of nine hundred million and imported to the value of one billion, one hundred and fifteen million. Simultaneously France's share in this trade has risen by nearly one half. At a recent banquet of the French Colonial Union, M. Poincaré and M. Marsal pointed out in their speeches that the foreign trade of the French colonies had increased fourfold since the war.

French capitalism is therefore determined to defend our colonial empire in its entirety. But other nations, like Germany and Italy, which have lost colonies or never possessed them, demand a new division of the world's undeveloped territories, and are determined to have it, even at the cost of war. This explains why Poincaré and the spokesmen of French imperialism identify the boundaries of the Fatherland with the farthest frontiers of our most remote possessions, and vehe-

mently proclaim that they will permit no trespassing upon our 'material and moral patrimony.'

Bourgeois economists justify the possession of colonies on two grounds — self-interest and duty. As to the first, Stuart Mill told his fellow countrymen nearly a century ago that in the present state of the world the establishment of colonies is the most profitable enterprise in which the capital of an old and rich country can engage. As to the second, M. Gide informs us that colonization is not a question of interest, but a question of duty. We must establish colonies because a moral obligation rests upon nations, as it does upon individuals, to employ the resources and advantages they have received from Providence for the general welfare of humanity. These two theories express respectively the points of view of big business and of petty-bourgeois idealists.

It was during the twentieth century that the natural wealth of the world was finally portioned out to a half-score capitalist states. This rush for colonies and semicolonial dependencies in order to monopolize raw materials and unexploited markets characterizes a special stage in the development of capitalism — its imperialist stage, the stage of financial capital. Colonies and dependencies exploited by financial capital of a few great banks and corporations constitute an immense reserve of imperialist strength. Only by revolting against imperialism can the exploited and oppressed populations of those colonies and dependencies emancipate themselves. In that struggle the colonial peoples have an ally in the proletariat of the more progressive countries. It is the duty of the proletariat in the oppressor nations to support by all means in their power the movement for national independence among the exploited peoples, even

against the imperialists of their own country. They must steadfastly champion the right of the colonial peoples to emancipate themselves from their alien rulers and to set up separate governments. Lenin has written: 'The centre of gravity of internationalist education among the working people of the oppressor nations should lie in propaganda for, and effective support of, the right of the oppressed peoples to separate themselves from the governing country. Without that, Internationalism is impossible. We shall and must treat any Socialist in an oppressor state who does not support this propaganda as a renegade and a scoundrel.'

Consequently it is the duty of a true Internationalist to support the rebellion of any oppressed people, no matter how backward it may be, against imperialism, since this is in the interest of the proletarian revolution and weakens imperialism as an institution. That is why French Communists are laboring to accelerate the emancipation of the colonial nations exploited by French imperialists, such as the Arabs, the Negroes, and the Anamites. Regardless of the anathemas of their own bourgeoisie and of Socialist renegades, they intend to give aid and comfort to any rebellion that may start in the colonies, for they believe such a rebellion will foreshadow the decay of capitalism, the end of wars for imperial conquest, and the dawn of the proletarian revolution.

A LENINGRAD NOCTURNE⁴

BOLSHEVISM has not abolished, or even mitigated, the contrast between social classes. It has done away with them only theoretically. Side by side with the pallid and emaciated residuum of the old, despoiled bourgeoisie a new bourgeoisie is forming. It battens on

⁴ Luciano Magrini, in *La Stampa* (Turin Independent daily), May 5

profitable speculations, and displays that love of ostentation characteristic of the newly rich the world over. Then there are the poor, the penniless proletariat, probably more numerous than ever on account of the prevailing unemployment. Theatres and other places of amusement are crowded, but not so crowded as are Leningrad's night asylums.

The nepmen divert themselves in cabarets and gambling houses after their day's work is over. Such people exhibit the eager, insatiable thirst for pleasure not uncommon among those who have vivid memories of their recent poverty constantly before their eyes. They hasten to make up for lost time in enjoying themselves; they are willing to take no risks for an uncertain future; they live for the moment, and avert their vision equally from dark yesterdays and problematical to-morrows.

Two opera houses, four dramatic theatres, cinemas, cabarets, and fashionable restaurants with private dancing rooms, are patronized to the limit. It is difficult to get seats at the theatre. The ballet has come back to all its ancient honors, and the public prefers it to Chekhov's comedies, the revolutionary dramas at the State Theatre, and the social melodramas at Narodni Dom. Yet the latter are invariably presented to packed audiences, mostly of people who have been unable to procure tickets to the ballet. If it proves impossible to get a seat to see even a Western play, then, as a last resort, the public goes to a modern Russian production with a political plot — just now centring on the Chinese Revolution.

Equally crowded are the gambling dens. They are numerous at Leningrad, and remain open all night long. Indeed, the doors of some are never closed. They are government establishments,

and probably among the more remunerative enterprises of the State. The most popular is called the Vladimirskaja Club, and has its home in a great building occupied before the Revolution by one of the largest commercial houses in the Empire. Another is situated on the Nevskii Prospect, in the premises of the old Bristol Café. Each has a 'commandant,' generally a Communist, who maintains order. Any night you will find at the Vladimirskaja Club several hundred people, playing at a score or more tables. In another salon refreshments are served, an orchestra plays, and café chantant programmes are presented. Around the gambling tables crowd people of every class and rank. Roughly dressed men, who look like out-of-work mechanics, elbow fashionably gowned ladies with costly marten scarfs or fox-skins thrown over their bare shoulders. These people gamble with discipline; they win and lose in silence. The croupiers mechanically rake in the money of the losers and pay the winners. If a dispute arises, the commandant is instantly on the spot to smooth ruffled feelings and to decide points of controversy. A husband, still infected with out-of-date bourgeois ideas, not finding his wife at home, has come to hunt for her at the Club. He finds her seated at a gambling table, upbraids her, and boxes her ears. The commandant is instantly on hand, and has the importunate husband thrown out of the house, while his wife returns to the table declaring indignantly that she will certainly get a divorce to-morrow.

The other apartments are filled with gayly garbed ladies, nepmen, Bolshevik officials, agents of the G. P. U., or rechristened Cheka, gentlemen with no discoverable means of support, and workingmen who must get their money from equally mysterious sources considering their low wages. Lights,

flowers, delicate food, smoked fish from the Volga, black caviar from Astrakhan, animated conversation, and a general but forced gayety give the place an atmosphere not quite paralleled anywhere else in Europe. At one table a party is celebrating the divorce of a famous dancer.

How many divorces, how many betrothals, have been made and fêted in these rooms! Divorces are as simple and sudden as a cast of the dice. Long queues of applicants stand in front of the registration offices daily. There is divorce en masse. Whole families break up and disappear. People get a divorce on the impulse of the moment, along with some friend whom they have accompanied to the registration office — while you're there you might as well do the thing, and avoid standing an hour in the queue some other time. The procedure is as rapid as it is summary — one of the few official acts that can be performed quickly in this land of time-killing official formalities. Five minutes are sufficient.

Gambling houses and cabarets of lower rank, patronized by the scum of society, are scattered in great numbers through the poorer sections of the city between Pushkin Street and Insurrection Square, along the Kolomenskaia, in the 'First Avenue of the Soviets,' and near the Baltic railway station. They are the headquarters of gangs of hooligans, street robbers, bandits, thieves, and drug vendors.

Side by side with these centres of dissipation where nepmen spend their gains in orgies and criminals plot in sordid dens stand the great night asylums that harbor thousands upon thousands who have been beaten by life — the hopeless poor, the victims of vice and poverty. Here you find workers without work, women without families, tragedies without names. These places are naturally seed beds of

vice and disease. Dr. Eidelnant, who has just investigated them, says in his report:—

'The night asylums for women are packed with unfortunate creatures herded in low, ill-ventilated rooms which do not afford more than one square yard of floor space per occupant. Every room shelters from twenty to forty women. Some of these are well educated, speak several foreign languages, and have had excellent musical training. In one such asylum in the Volodarski quarter two daughters of a general, who had served six months in jail for stealing a chicken, and the wife of a famous engineer were registered. But forty per cent of the inmates are peasant women, and thirty-five per cent unemployed working girls. The ages of ninety-four per cent of those registered are between fifteen and forty. Drug fiends abound. Thirty-seven per cent are diseased, and sixty-six per cent lead immoral lives.'

This does not exhaust the night life of Leningrad. In front of the theatres, cabarets, and gambling halls stand long lines of droshkies. From time to time the silence of the streets is broken by drunken songs. Along the Nevskii and the Morskaia drift aimless crowds of nightwalkers — people without any shelter whatsoever. One night last December I saw a crowd of drunken men and women march down to make a demonstration in what used to be known as Katerina Square but has been rebaptized by the Bolsheviki with the name of the Italian architect, Rastrelli, whose work is visible everywhere in the former Russian capital. They lined up in front of the neo-classic façade of Smolny Institute, which was the headquarters of the Bolsheviki during the early stages of the Revolution, and is now the seat of the Soviet Government of Leningrad and of the Executive Committee of the Communist Party.

Too drunk to know what they were doing, — *in vino veritas*, — they howled imprecations upon the Bolshevik régime, and some even started to sing the old National Hymn, 'God Save the Tsar.' Naturally they were promptly silenced and arrested by the agents of the G. P. U. and were shipped off to Siberia.

The Government does its best to correct the worst of the evils I have mentioned. Late last year the *Krasnaia Gazeta* of Leningrad published the results of a surprise visit made one night by a committee of city physicians to the various hospitals. At the Pasteur Hospital the nurses were sound asleep, although sick babies were crying vainly for attention. At Tsimbaline Hospital the nurses slept so soundly that the members of the commission were able to carry their clothing into another room without awakening them. At some of the institutions visitors were allowed to come in at any time of the night without their names or errands being recorded, while at others it was impossible to secure admission under any pretext. At the Pasteur Hospital the door was open all night, but a barricade of tables and broken chairs was stretched across it. No signal bells are provided. A test showed that it took thirty-seven minutes from the time an emergency ambulance was summoned for it to reach a point close to the hospital. Disorder and neglect reigned everywhere. In partial extenuation of this neglect, it should be added that both doctors and nurses are confessedly overworked, and receive miserable pittance for salaries.

Sad and sordid indeed is Leningrad's nocturne. Its only lights are the glare of the gambling hell and the dance hall, and its shadows are blacker than those of the worst slums of Western Europe.

A MOSCOW SCHOOL DIARY⁵

[THIS diary, originally printed in the Bolshevik monthly, *Krasnayanov*, professes to be the 'unedited notes of a fourteen-year-old schoolboy attending the Moscow 'General School.'

September 15, 1925. — I don't want to be called Constantine, but Vladlen — that is, Vladimir Lenin. Anyway, there are so many Constantines. Besides, Constantine was an old Turkish Tsar who conquered Constantinople. I have no use for him. I 'spit on him out of the sixteenth story,' as Seryosha Blinov is always saying. Yesterday I went to the Police Bureau about it, but they told me there that I could n't change my name until I was eighteen years old. So I've got to wait more than three years. Hang it!

September 16. — I went to see Seryosha Blinov this morning. He told me I must stop flirting with Lina G——, because she's the daughter of a priest and I'm the son of a real workingman. I told him that I sat on the same bench with Lina at school, and naturally flirted with her for that reason. Seryosha said I ought to have enough proletarian conscience not to do that, and that the monkeys [teachers] said she never had her lessons because she was always chasing around with me. And she might contaminate me with her boorjoy [bourgeois] atmosphere. And I must n't have anything to do with the girl in any case, if I hope to get into the Young Communists. So I'm breaking off with Seryosha.

September 20. — School's opened again. There was a tremendous racket; and everything in confusion. Our group remains the same. There are two new girls — one with flaxen hair, called Silva; family name, Dubinin.

⁵ From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), May 29

September 27. — They've introduced the Dalton System. That's so the monkeys can loaf and let the pupils do all the work. At least, that's the way I see it. We are to have no more regular lesson hours as we did before. We get what is called a 'pensum,' and when we think we've learned it we report to the 'laboratory.' We're given about a month for a pensum, and when we know it we go to the laboratory — that's what they call our classes now.

There'll be a permanent monkey in every laboratory. So Almakfish will have charge of the mathematics laboratory and Nikpetosh of the sociological laboratory. This year we resolved to shorten the names of all the monkeys. So Alexi Maximovich Fisher is Almakfish and Nikolai Petrivich Oshigov is Nikpetosh. I am not speaking to Lina.

October 1. — The Dalton System doesn't seem to be doing well. The monkeys have n't taken to the thing. Nikpetosh, as usual, was the first to catch on. He came and gave his lesson as he always did, only instead of sitting on the benches in the auditorium we sat around a long table.

October 3. — Dalton's a fraud. No one has caught on to it. The monkeys get together every evening and 'confer.' The boys say this fellow Dalton was an English lord — in fact, a top-rank boorjoy. I ask myself, 'What have we got to do with that kind of fellow?' They say, too, that he used to live on pâté de fois gras and currant jelly. They ought to've kept him for a year on sunflower seeds and dried fish, and have sent him out to the villages to forage his own flour. Naturally it's no trick to imagine up a system when you're stuffed full of pie and jelly.

Silva sits next to me now, but she keeps twisting around all the time. I've told her a couple of times to go

to the Devil, and she has called me a stupid. I asked the other girls who she was. They say her father is a type-setter. I'm sorry she's not a boorjoy, so I could put her in her place.

October 5. — To-day we had a big row. The natural-history monkey, Yelnikitka, addressed our whole group as 'children.' I rose at once and said, 'We're not children.' She said: 'Of course you're children, and I won't call you anything else.' Then I said to her: 'Will you be kind enough to be more respectful, else it may happen that you'll be kicked out of here.' All the pupils were on my side, but Yelnikitka got red in the face, and said to me: 'Leave the classroom.'

I answered: 'This is not a classroom, but a laboratory. Besides, no one has authority to send us out of class.'

She: 'Saucebox!'

I: 'You're like the old teachers. They were the only ones who dared to treat us so.'

The goose jumped up as if a tarantula had stung her, and ran out of the room. It smashed up the class, but I'm satisfied.

October 10. — I went home with Vanka Petukov. He told me never to let the monkeys tread on my toes. If I did I was a fool. Vanka sells cigarettes, but he has n't a license. The cop has already driven him from his corner ten times, but Vanka kept coming back, until the cop has got tired of it. Now he sells to his hearts' content. He has to; what else can he do? He's got a sick mother and a sick sister who'd starve without him. Thank God that Dad's a tailor and I'm his only boy, or else I might have to peddle cigarettes nights on the streets.

October 22. — X is appearing again. No one knows who writes it. I think the older groups. But it's being passed around, and we're told to look sharp

to see the monkeys don't find it. Besides, they have now got an *X-2* — that is, a supplement. It's filled with the oddest, silliest stuff, that would make you die laughing. Nikpetosh managed, however, to get a copy of *X-2*. He stormed into class in a fury and talked to us for a full hour about love and sexual relations, as if we were babies. Among other things, he said love was like a flower garden, and anyone who wasted time over such swinishness as *X-2* defiled the garden. The boys nearly burst with laughter, and the girls giggled. The black Zöe girl that we call 'Fish Eye' got up and said that love endured to the grave and beyond.

Then we broke loose. Nikpetosh was mad as thunder, and shouted that we were only showing that we did n't know what love was.

October 25. — This cursed Dalton! It won't work. My head feels as if it were stuffed full of wool. We're publishing a new wall-newspaper, *The Red Student*, under the auspices of the United Federation of Younger Groups. Everyone rushed to the wall to read it this morning because it asked the question: 'Can a boy and a girl be real friends in our school?' I have copied several of the answers. I myself wrote: 'No, because women are the spirit of contradiction.'

November 7. — Our teacher can't tolerate Vanka Petukov, because he sells cigarettes. She thinks that makes him a tramp kid. She feels sure that he drinks moonshine and plays cards. I've arranged to go with him sometime to see the real tramp kids. Those whom Vanka knows live in the cellar of a ruinous old half-finished building. Vanka says he is n't afraid of them, that some of them are very decent fellows, but that they would n't do in the school.

At first Vanka had fearfully tough

times with the tramp kids. Gangs of them would jump him nights before he could defend himself, grab his packages of cigarettes, and get away. Finally Vanka decided to hunt them up, get acquainted with them, and treat them to cigarettes. He also read to them. They are as delighted as little children at hearing stories. From that time on they left him in peace. To be honest, Vanka and I once tried to snuff marafet (cocaine), but it did n't work. It first gave us a headache, and then we vomited. Swinish habit! Vanka says, though, that the tramp kids can't live without marafet.

November 17. — To-day we held a session of the Pupils' Committee on the case of Alyosha Tschikin for theft. He has made himself scarce. He does n't come to school, and he has n't been home. We passed a resolution to notify the School Council that the Pupils' Committee had no objection to a complaint being made to the police with a request for Tschikin's arrest. Only they are not to tell the police that he stole money.

November 27. — We have visited the tramp kids, Vanka and I, and this is what happened. I enjoy mysteries, and we had to manage the affair with great secrecy and caution, for if the monkeys had found it out they would have raised a great scandal. So this is what we did. About nine o'clock Vanka came to me. We said we were going to the movie show, and started off at once. It was as cold as Greenland — four degrees below zero Fahrenheit. Finally we came to the ruined half-finished building with the big cellar. At first they would n't let us in. We had a long parley about it. The cellar is an enormous place, and it was just as cold there as outside. So they had built little fires in the corners, screening them with loose building materials so that the light would not

show outside. It was very thrilling to creep through the dark cellar with Vanka, stumbling over stones and rubbish. It was just like detectives creeping up on criminals in a movie show.

The tramp kids did n't do anything to us, because they know Vanka and consider him one of themselves. They wore horrible rags, and stank like fury. In spite of the cold they smelled like a privy. There were a great many of them, huddled around the little fires. All of them could not get around one fire. They rushed up to Vanka and shouted, 'Tell us a story.' Vanka sat down at a fire and read them the story of the silver plate. It is one of the silliest tales I've ever heard. I can't understand why they should print such rubbish. But the tramp kids wanted Vanka to tell more. He refused. Then they got some moonshine and offered it to us. Vanka drank a mouthful; I did n't drink any.

Then the tramp kids began to play cards. We were just about to leave when one of them jumped at me, grabbed my collar, and dragged me into the firelight. I did my best to pull back, but it was no use. When we got to the fire the fellow shouted: 'Here, kids — a spy!'

I now saw the fellow plainly. It was Alyosha Tschikin, but his face was so dirty and his clothes so ragged that I had not recognized him before.

'What are you after here, you whelp? Spying on us, are you?' he shouted.

'Go to the Devil,' I answered, and tore myself loose. Vanka came to my rescue, and, striking right and left, I got loose, and we took to our heels,

with the tramp kids after us. Someone slugged me under the eye so that I howled with pain. Finally we got out on the street, with some of our pursuers after us, and had a regular knock-down fight. At length we shook them off again, and ran down the street. Luckily we came to a lighted corner where there was a policeman, and the tramp kids gave up the pursuit. My eye hurt dreadfully, and was swollen tight.

We considered whether we should tell anyone about Alyosha Tschikin. Finally we decided not to do so under any circumstances — in the first place because it would be hard to catch him, and in the second place because his father would beat the life out of him.

Vanka told me that a gang of snatchers live in this cellar. This is their trick. One hides in the entryway of a building while one or two of his companions linger in the street outside. As soon as a woman with a handbag comes in or goes out, one of the boys in the street throws himself at her feet as if he were going to beg. He grabs her skirts, and at the same moment the fellow concealed in the entry dashes out; snatches her purse or handbag, and skips. Many of the tramp kids are wonderfully skillful pickpockets. They also beg, and sneak things out of houses. Lots of them can't speak Russian — only Tatar.

When I got home Dad noticed my black eye and asked what had happened. I pretended I had fallen and bumped my face. He put an old copper coin on the swelling, and it felt better.

THE RHINELAND AGAIN¹

BY 'AUGUR'

THE Germans have set their heart at freeing the Rhineland of the Allied occupation, which reminds them of defeat. Herr Stresemann has lost much of the authority he enjoyed a year ago because he was unable to obtain the withdrawal of British, French, and Belgian troops from German territory. It is true the first zone—that of Cologne—has been liberated, but the Germans say that, as the five years of occupation foreseen in the Treaty of Versailles were at an end anyway, there is no merit for the German Government in the fact.

Herr Stresemann has let Paris and London know that his position would be stronger to resist the Nationalist onslaught if the Allies allowed him a measure of success in the question of the Rhineland occupation. If evacuation before the time laid down in the Treaty is impossible, the Allies should, at least, reduce the number of their troops which still remain on German territory.

The German Government relies on Article 431 of the Treaty of Peace to establish its right to claim now complete evacuation:—

ARTICLE 431. — If before the expiration of the period of fifteen years Germany complies with all the undertakings resulting from the present Treaty, the occupying forces will be withdrawn immediately.

¹ From *Fortnightly Review* (London literary and critical monthly), *June*

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The view in Berlin is that by Germany's entry into the League of Nations and by the last Agreement with the Ambassadors' Conference in respect of disarmament the 'undertakings' of the Treaty have been complied with—all the more so because the scheme for Reparations payments has also been fixed and accepted. We submit that the German jurists are making a mistake by not taking into account the fact that the 'undertakings' resulting from the Treaty belong to two different categories. Some refer to an obligation, which can be carried out at once, or by a single action, as, for example, the surrender of a ship. Others make necessary a series of steps spread over a period of time, as is the case of payments planned years ahead.

We do not find that the Treaty considers 'undertakings' of the last category as fulfilled at the moment when the schedule of postponed action *en échelon* for them is settled. The Treaty, on the contrary, supports the view that such an 'undertaking' is accomplished only when the whole schedule has been carried out. This results, among others, from Article 430:—

ARTICLE 430. — In case, either during the occupation or after the expiration of the fifteen years referred to above, the Reparation Commission finds that Germany refuses to observe the whole or part of her obligations under the present Treaty with regard to reparation, the whole or part of the areas specified in Article 429 will be reoccupied immediately by the Allied and Associated forces.

This we take to mean that the 'undertaking' to make Reparation payments, spread over a series of years, is considered to be complied with only when the last payment arranged is finally made. The juridical position becomes more unfavorable for the German case if we consider Article 428 and with it part (III) of Article 429: —

ARTICLE 428. — As a guaranty for the execution of the present Treaty by Germany, the German territory situated to the West of the Rhine . . . will be occupied by Allied and Associated troops for a period of fifteen years from the coming into force of the present Treaty.

ARTICLE 429. — . . . At the expiration of fifteen years there will be evacuated . . . the remainder of the German territory under occupation.

If at that date the guaranties against unprovoked aggression by Germany are not considered sufficient by the Allies and Associated Governments, the evacuation of the occupying troops may be delayed to the extent regarded as necessary for the purpose of obtaining the required guaranties.

Not only must the 'undertakings' be complied with, but there have to be sufficient guaranties against unprovoked aggression by Germany in the future. The Allied and Associated Governments are the judges of this sufficiency, and it results from this that the fifteen years foreseen as the extreme limit for the occupation of the third and last zone in the Rhineland are fixed only temporarily; the occupation may be prolonged and even instituted anew if necessary. As the 'guaranties' are not specifically described, we conclude that they are more of a moral than of a physical nature, and this brings us to an all-important point, which we shall discuss later — the moral right of Germany to evacuation.

We note that the Articles quoted speak of 'Allied and Associated Governments,' and not only of the 'Principal

Allied and Associated Governments,' as in other places. This surely means that the question of the occupation of the Rhineland as a guaranty for the execution of the Treaty is one for all the signatories of the Versailles instrument, and not only for those Powers which maintain troops in the Rhineland. So Italy theoretically has a right to be heard in the matter as great as Britain or France, and Poland is as privileged as Belgium.

But it may be suggested that a contradiction exists between Article 431, which promises an immediate withdrawal of the occupying forces in case, before the expiration of fifteen years, Germany complies with all her 'undertakings,' and the last sentence of Article 429, which gives the Allies the right of prolonging the occupation indefinitely if the 'guaranties' against unprovoked aggression are considered insufficient. We fail to see the contradiction. It is evident that the Articles mentioned, situated close together in the same part of the Treaty, could not be contradictory at the moment of signature. The wording of Article 431 establishes definitely that its stipulation applies to the short period of the first fifteen years only, and not to the duration of the Treaty. Article 429 in its last sentence is clearly intended to come into force only after the expiration of the original fifteen years. The two Articles, therefore, do not run concurrently at all. The last sentence of Article 429 is to come into force — if at all — at the moment when Article 431 has reached the limit of its lawful existence. If we look again at the text of Article 431 we see the word 'all' ominously placed before 'undertakings resulting from the present Treaty.' The expression 'resulting' is important because it implies, not only obligations directly inscribed in so many words, but also obligations which result from

the spirit of the Treaty. And this is undoubtedly expressed by the words 'guaranties against unprovoked aggression' contained in the last sentence of Article 429.

The alternative German claim, if complete evacuation cannot be obtained, is that the Army of Occupation should be reduced to the strength of the pre-war German garrisons, so as not to impose any longer upon the population a burden greater than in peace time. The Germans also point to the fact, which they consider unfair, that the troops from the first zone, when it was liberated, were taken to the remaining zones, which are now occupied in greater strength than in the first five years of the occupation. But from the legal point of view this claim is not borne out by the Treaty, which neither directly nor indirectly limits the right of the Allies to have the Army of Occupation as large as they may think fit.

We have given this survey of the juridical aspect of the question of the Rhineland occupation as it results from the Articles of the Treaty, which until now remain in force. The attempt by German jurists to establish an absolute right to immediate complete evacuation cannot be upheld. But we believe that there is much more weight in the German demand for evacuation as a moral right. For it stands to reason that it would be against common sense and justice to expect a nation which is a member of the League of Nations and a permanent member of the Council of the League to remain under the humiliating control of other members. The spirit of the Covenant is against such a state of affairs. Yet here we come up against a terrible fact: Europe does not trust yet the sincerity of Germany's conversion to the faith of the Covenant. We know that this statement will be met with a shout of indignation in Ber-

lin: 'How, after Locarno, after Germany's entry into the League? What more can Germany do to prove her sincerity?' Alas, shouting cannot change the fact that the distrust exists, and we personally are convinced that there is good reason for its existence.

In spite of Locarno and of the entry of Germany into the League, the *Abmachungen* of the Reichswehr with the Red Army have not been liquidated; German diplomacy continues to work in close contact with Moscow, even when the latter's policy, as is the case in Latvia, is directed against the League of Nations; in the Council of the League Germany is not yet, as far as Moscow is concerned, a free agent. Worse still, the last speech of Vice-Chancellor Hergt proves that in the German Government itself the spirit of Nationalist aggression is powerful and Herr Stresemann is able to remain at the Wilhelmstrasse only by constant acrobatics. But the Wilhelmstrasse itself is not in the hands of Herr Stresemann. It is the Geheimräte, and not he, who are the masters. How they act we see in the example of relations between Berlin and Warsaw. Herr Stresemann and Dr. Marx have always been anxious to improve these relations, but the Geheimräte, with their Agrarian-Junker sympathies, were opposed. In consequence, each time when negotiations were about to succeed they were suddenly broken off by the action of some *Ministerialdirektor* or *Dezernent* at the Wilhelmstrasse of whom his colleagues and even Parliamentary ministers stand in holy dread. So, when Stresemann was taking a rest in Italy, the Geheimräte, against his wish, broke off the negotiations for a commercial treaty with Poland under a futile pretext, which he disavowed. At the last meeting of the Council at Geneva Herr Stresemann again patched up the break and arranged with the

Poles for an amicable continuation of the discussion on the basis of reciprocity. More than two months later we discover that the German Minister in Warsaw has been led into a blind alley by the instructions of his bureaucratic superiors and cannot carry on a conversation which promised to bring a final settlement. This is not the first time that the Geheimräte have prevented a German-Polish settlement. In 1924, when the negotiations had reached successfully the final stage before signature, they took advantage of *one day's* absence of their chief to send instructions to the German delegation to break off relations, 'as the Polish proposals were unacceptable.' Need there be surprise at the hesitation with which in Paris as well as in London — we deliberately say, as well as in London — a German demand for further modification of the occupation régime is received at present?

The chief obstacle to the treatment of Germany as an equal among equals is her obstinate clinging to the Moscow connection. It is the case of the extraordinary bigamist who is surprised when told that he cannot be permitted to have two lawfully wedded wives at the same time. He, poor man, had intended even to present the ladies to each other. Berlin must understand that membership in the Concert of Europe is not compatible with the connection with an organization which is the enemy of the Concert of Europe, of the League of Nations, of civilization, and of all the ideals of the White Race.

But, nevertheless, we are optimistic. For the nation is alive and sound at the

core. We do not believe that it will be necessary to wait a generation until the present Junkers leave the scene of their activities, so harmful to the real interests of Germany and so dangerous to the unity of Europe. Even now a change is taking place, and we say that there is hope, when the *Faschistische Korrespondenz*, a publication not unconnected with the notorious Stahlhelm, begins to preach: —

The situation in Europe is such that Germany's hunger for more room cannot be satisfied by Irredentist preaching or by territorial pressure in the old Nationalist style. The necessary breathing space shall be acquired only by . . . a turn toward a policy in a united Europe, established on a broad principle.

So there is hope. Meanwhile the Nationalists in Germany may meditate the advice given them by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in the April number of the *Europäische Revue*. We cannot resist the pleasure of quoting his words in German: —

Wir bedürfen dringend eines allgemeinen Europäischen Übereinkommens in Bezug auf Russland. . . . Das Übereinkommen muss dem Grundsatz der Politik der Labour Regierung entsprechen: Hände weg von Russland und Russische Hände weg von uns.

This excellent statement means in English: —

There is a pressing need for a general agreement in Europe in respect of Russia. . . . This agreement must be in accordance with the essential principle of the policy of the Labor Government: Hands off Russia, but also the hands of Russia off ourselves.

TURKEY TO-DAY¹

BY RAYMOND COLRAT

STAMBOUL has improved since my last visit. The railway station is more orderly; our luggage has been inspected on the train; we are not solicited for tips; the taxis are clean and have meters; ragged children do not besiege us for alms, and the stately old turbaned cripples who used to waylay the traveler have disappeared. All this means loss of local color, but it is a great convenience for the traveler.

The streets are cleaner than they used to be, and officers with little red and white batons regulate the traffic. Ancient Byzantium has already done what we are still talking about at Paris — perched these guardians of the street on elevated platforms at each crossing, so that their shining red-leather helmets rise above the crowd like rustic weather vanes.

New pavements, tidy shops, and Western push are in evidence everywhere. The substitution of hats for fezzes and turbans has transformed the street picture. To be sure, the gentlemen of Stamboul do not yet crease their trousers; but they wear shirts, although they rebel against stiff collars. Also they scratch themselves less than formerly.

European signs have vanished; only those in Turkish are now permitted. The city is less cosmopolitan than of old — more civilized, but more banal. It perhaps reluctantly toes the mark of its Angora drillmaster. In all this there have been many losses and many

gains. Much of the old picturesqueness has gone forever. But statistics of public health record great improvement.

A yacht cruise's hazard has brought me to Rhodes, Italy's advance post toward Turkey. I have been told repeatedly that Mussolini's disciples merely wait the word of command to overrun the fertile valleys surrounding Smyrna. There may be some truth in this; but Italy's confessed ambition to reoccupy all the dominions of ancient Rome has not yet been converted into action, and I have discovered nothing at Rhodes to justify these alleged plans of aggression.

Conceive a quiet, engaging city, where the stranger is welcomed without inquisitorial suspicion, a city preserving a quaint mediæval charm within its ancient gray walls. The people are content with Italian rule, for they have prospered under the present Government. Extensive public works have put much money in circulation. The authorities have avoided unnecessarily interfering with established customs and traditions. Mohammedans still wear their red fezzes, although their fellow believers in Turkey proper must wear hats, by order of the Ghazi.

Nevertheless, the Italians insist on absolute loyalty. Some time ago the Turkish residents of the island were given the choice of retaining their old allegiance or becoming citizens of Italy. Several, whose eye for the long chance was keener than their patriotism, were naturalized; others preferred to remain

¹ From *L'Ère Nouvelle* (Paris Radical daily), May 14, 16, 20, 23, 25, 28, 31

what they had been before, and sent their families to Anatolia under the innocent assumption that their Turkish brethren there would appreciate this act of devotion. These fared so badly on the mainland, however, that most of them hastened back to Rhodes, where it is much easier to make a living. A new decree had just been issued, however, ordering them back to the mainland. They would now like to become Italian citizens, but it is too late.

We have reached Marmarice, where everything is now Turkish with a vengeance. For a short time after the first Young Turk revolution the new rulers thought they must be cosmopolitan to keep up with the times. The Fatherland was to belong to all its inhabitants; no distinction was to be made between Jews, Arabs, Greeks, Armenians, and Turks. But the reformers soon discovered that you could n't keep the Greeks from coveting Saint Sophia, the Armenians from intriguing with Russia, or the Arabs from conspiring for independence. So a complete revulsion of feeling followed. Better a little Turkey purely Turk than a big Turkey populated by aliens and infidels! That was the feeling everywhere when the war ended. It has determined Turkey's policy ever since.

First came the language question. Since 1916 signs in foreign languages have been forbidden. The old French notices in the tramways and on the street corners have been replaced by those in Turkish. Official communications, and even business correspondence, must be conducted in the native tongue. This regulation has forced many firms to dismiss old and trusted employees, but it has made openings for young educated Turks, who have thus acquired for the first time in history some business training. Since then steady pressure has been exerted to

place all the business of the country in strictly Turkish hands. Banks, mines, and railways are already managed by natives. Turkish law is enforced everywhere, upon citizen and foreigner alike. A new civil code has been adopted. All schools must give their instruction in the Turkish language. Simultaneously, however, Western science and Western ways of life have been encouraged.

Although Turkey is nominally a republic, she still fears Palace revolutions. Mustapha Kemal is all-powerful; the Sultanate and the Caliphate have vanished at his bidding, and the Party of Union and Progress has been silenced by the hangman's noose. The Turks have a proverb, 'Hemp brings happiness,' but I hardly imagine that the several hundred yards which the Ghazi has used to remove his enemies have increased his peace of mind. Now, however, the Tribunal of Independence has been suppressed and political executions have ceased.

Mustapha Kemal, it is said, proposes to summon a new National Congress composed of one thousand village delegates, whose principal duty will be to approve his acts and to give him *carte blanche* for the future.

This bright idea does not please the members of the present Assembly, who are offended at the thought that the man whom they have elevated to power should presume to dispense in this summary manner with the services of intellectuals and idealists like themselves, to whom in their opinion he owes his fortune. They whisper that the Turkish Revolution and the Constitution must not be prostituted to putting a new tyrant on the throne.

If one wants really to know New Turkey, he must get away from the larger towns and see how her reforms

are working in the villages and rural districts. I have just spent three weeks along the Mediterranean coast of Anatolia, 'far from the madding crowd,' but in a region that I knew well before the war. I have been able, therefore, to compare the present with the past, and to obtain my information from trustworthy and confidential sources. The war was more of a cataclysm here than farther inland. It upset the whole economy of the country, depopulated villages, and left the land a waste. All that the people saved was their courage, resignation, and fatalism. Their hardships have attached them more strongly than ever to their native soil.

These people were always neglected by the Sultans. The victorious Ghazi therefore seems to them a messenger of God. They look upon the laws of Parliament as his personal firmans, and obey them as they would orders from the Prophet.

But these laws, though wise, have not cured the present ills. Trade has been prostrated by the expulsion of the Greeks. Cash crops have been abandoned because the few people left have been forced first of all to raise food for their families. Since there is nothing to ship, trade languishes. Moreover, the laborers and peasants along the coast distrust the intentions of the Italians, installed in Rhodes at their very doors.

Marmarice, where I first made port after leaving Rhodes, is a quiet little place. Several ruined houses testify to the recent expatriation of the Greeks. The streets are almost deserted; but toward evening a café on the edge of the sea fills up with placid, methodical patrons. They all wear European clothing. Stiff hats are the rule, but a few soft felts are seen.

One of the gentlemen, a local official, invited me to have a cup of coffee with him. I told him who I was, and we became friends at once. My host, like

the typical Turk he was, did not complain of his lot. When I remarked that there was not much here in the way of amusement, he said: 'Quite true. But there are a number of us officials here. We have our club, our societies, our books, talks by our own members, and we are taking up sports. We invite in the people of the neighborhood. They come, listen, and gradually get an idea of what the new Government is trying to do.'

'We Turks are not really responsible for our backwardness. We have never been taught how to live; we have only been taught resignation. The Sultan's officials exploited us; the Caliph's emissaries stupefied us. We lived under the yoke of a government without morality and a religious organization without ideals.'

'We have accomplished very little in the way of betterment as yet; we are still in the first stages. But in this district, where there used to be only one school-teacher, and he an almost illiterate fellow, we now have twenty-six. And the children are going to school. They are learning. They are not being taught useless and out-of-date religious trumpery. They are acquiring a conception of progress; they are beginning to understand the world.'

'Yes, but first the people must live. All this costs money.'

'They manage to live. Their privations are great, but they pay such taxes as they can. Our Turkish peasants are ignorant, but they are docile and trusting. I get your idea: you are thinking of those ruined houses and untilled fields; you are saying to yourself that we have driven out the real producers. That is true, and we are suffering for it for the time being. But, my dear sir, a little setback like that counts for almost nothing in the scale against the harmony and neighborly good will that now prevail. No more religious dis-

putes, no more race quarrels, no more questions of pride and precedence. We are all Turks; we all obey the same laws; we are all brothers of the blood; we are a unit.'

'And in union is strength,' I added. 'I admire your confidence and your patriotism, sir.'

'You may depend on what I have told you,' continued the official. 'Wait till these little children have grown up. We of my generation are clearing the land and sowing the seed; our children will reap the harvest.'

For fifteen days I have wandered from village to village in this land of wide plains and stern-visaged mountains. Everywhere I find the same conditions — a population of poor but resigned and courageous peasants. They are all true to type. They have changed their ancestral fez for Western hats, but they have not changed their character. I sometimes ask myself whether they really know that there has been a change of government.

Of course they have been told that two new deities now preside over their lives, the Fatherland and Liberty, instead of the Sultanate and the Caliphate, as of old. But those lives are the same as before. They continue to pay taxes. Yesterday they paid them to the Grand Turk; now they pay them to the Republic. They do not appreciate the advantage of reforms, although they realize some of the inconveniences these bring. But they bear the latter without grumbling. It is for the Fatherland.

Mustapha Kemal is temperamentally a reformer — an arbitrary man overflowing with energy. His vision reaches beyond the horizon of the average statesman. Placed in charge of a moribund nation, he did not hesitate to resort to heroic measures. Brushing sentiment aside, he adopted modern

civilization *en bloc*. In order to protect Liberty, he has not hesitated to place her under the tutelage of a dictatorship. In a land of *laissez faire*, he is iron will incarnate.

But no reforms, however radical, and however strenuously enforced, can cure at once ancient and deep-seated evils. You cannot abolish malaria by decree, nor heal by an edict a nation ravaged by syphilis. Most men would have shrunk appalled from the task. But Mustapha Kemal patiently fixes his eye on the distant future. He has the resignation of a true Turk when it comes to contemplating long-range programmes. In dealing with the venereal scourge, for example, he has done what doctors have advised for generations but politicians have supposed utopian — that is, forbidden marriage without a health certificate. If either party is tainted with disease, the marriage must be postponed until the patient has been duly treated and pronounced cured.

The people have bowed to this order. Doctors are few, and the peasants must therefore make long pilgrimages to obtain *rakim* injections that will restore them to health. Once more the docile resignation of the Turk is his salvation.

The fight against malaria is not quite so far advanced. Taking quinine is obligatory, but some country doctors sell the drug that they are supposed to furnish free. Evidently this health campaign alone represents a tremendous task. Unhappily, Turkey and her reformers have not the kind of servants they deserve. I am told that more than eight thousand officials are at present under indictment for corruption. The mere fact, however, that they are being prosecuted speaks for the determination of the Government. It takes infinite patience and persistence to extirpate hereditary vices.

I am now in a little prefecture that formerly had several thousand Greek inhabitants, who were middlemen between the peasants of the hills and the traders of the islands. To-day Turks repatriated from Europe have taken their place. But trade has not revived, and the town has the air of a necropolis.

I wished to call on the Prefect. He is one of those democrats who are only happy in the bosom of their countrymen. When I called at his office I was told, with an expression of surprise: 'The Prefect? Why, he's at the post office.'

'Will he be back soon?'

'No; he's at the post office.'

So I went down to the post office, which is next door to the principal café. In front of the latter a well-dressed gentleman attracted my attention. He was the high official whom I sought. He was dressed entirely in black, with a fine *borsalino* on his head, and silk socks and patent-leather shoes on his feet, and was seated in a long cane chair, facing a steaming Mocha.

I introduced myself. Although he had a very vague idea who I really was, he courteously asked me to be seated, clapped his hands, and ordered another cup of coffee for me.

For a few minutes our conversation lagged. I asked some questions as to the population, the principal products, and the leading lines of business. I then made a discreet allusion to the new administration.

'As for me,' said the Prefect, 'I am a very modern man.' As he said this, obeying an atavistic instinct, he seized his left foot with his right hand and curled it up beneath him. Having assumed this unrevolutionary pose, he went on to say: 'First, I must tell you that my predecessor was an extraordinarily stupid fellow. So the Government sent me down here to straighten

things up. Now I've got things running finely. I've built roads; I've improved the harbor; I keep things clean; I am encouraging the schools. "A sound mind in a sound body" — that's my motto. But I take no credit for it; I am simply doing my duty to my country, sir.'

'Your sentiments do you honor, *Monsieur le Préfet*. I presume the people are delighted.'

'Oh, they are very well satisfied indeed. You can learn that for yourself.'

I took the hint. The first gentleman I chanced to meet was a high official in the Customs. 'I saw you talking with the Prefect a few minutes ago,' he said, 'and wondered what the fool was telling you.'

'He was telling me what he is doing here. It seems he is a great good-roads man, and they are certainly needed here.'

'Good roads? Come now! He's had about seven miles of new highway surveyed, and has levied an enormous tax on the strength of it. But the other day an inspector came through and made him relocate the whole affair, including the part that was already graded.'

'But he spoke about the harbor.'

'The harbor? He has had two buoys placed — and in such a way that they mislead the pilots. Thanks to the blunder, two boats ran aground last week. As to sanitation, he does n't know anything about it. He's a hold-over from the old régime — one of those old-fashioned Turks who know nothing and think they know everything.'

'Is he honest?'

'Who knows?'

Somewhat discouraged, I continued my inquiry in another direction. The municipal judge told me that the district attorney was a fool. The district

attorney assured me that the municipal judge was an ass. When I talked with the teachers, each confidentially informed me that except for himself all the others were ignorant pedants. The imam of the mosque wept on my shoulder. 'Oh, these teachers!' he said. 'Men without religion, who don't even teach the Koran to their pupils. Scum of an impious generation. Our mosque has been half ruined by the earthquake, and we are given no funds to repair it. And as if that were not bad enough, the Government has advised the faithful to give the money they ordinarily subscribe for the mosque to the Society for Encour-

aging Aviation. But that will pass, for Allah is great.'

One must not attach too much importance, however, to this jealousy and backbiting. Contempt for one's colleagues is the beginning and the end of Oriental wisdom. I went to look at the Prefect's highway. It is poor, but it is there. I inspected the buoys in the harbor. They are very useful. I walked around the town. The streets are clean. I visited the schools. They are full of children. I talked with the magistrates, and they seem to be decent gentlemen. The only thing that I did not find was the very thing the imam was surest about — Allah.

ON THE ROAD TO ISPAHAN. I¹

BY BERNHARD KELLERMANN

It is early morning when we drop anchor in the cold, foam-spangled harbor of Batum. A chill wind from the neighboring mountains whistles across the deck. Through the cabin window the town looks flat and uninteresting and the landscape northern. Red flags fly on the lighters. Russia at last! Quarantine examination, passport inspection, and endless other formalities follow, so it is midday before we tie up at the wharf. The Chief of Political Police then comes on board, wearing a long grayish-yellow overcoat that sweeps the deck and a green cap perched jauntily on the back of his head. He has the harsh, clean-cut features of a man who has experienced

much, and is evidently not a person to be trifled with. At first he scans me suspiciously with his yellow catlike eyes, but eventually proves to be a very obliging fellow.

Our third-class passengers, mostly Turks, are allowed to land first, and the wharf is soon cluttered with bales and bundles, trunks, children, and women, the latter veiled in shabby thin cotton hoods. We then proceed to unload some three hundred cases of Indian tea which our boat took aboard at Athens, and several German automobiles, disassembled and packed in boxes, destined for Persia. We take on board great bales of silk cocoons from the latter country. I have abundant time to watch this while waiting for my transit permit to be approved.

¹ From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), February 13, April 17, May 8

When, after a long delay, it is delivered, another whole day is taken up with further formalities, including getting my luggage through the Customs. Even so, I owe the fact that these little details do not keep me at Batum several days solely to the accident that some of the shabbily uniformed officials happen to have read my books.

This evening a young workingman has called at the *Hôtel de France* — a very expensive and uncomfortable stopping place — to greet me in the name of himself and his comrades in Batum, and to place himself at my service. God knows how he learned of my arrival. He proves to be shrewd, well-educated, self-confident, business-like, and the master of several languages. We take a walk through the dark streets of the city, under blooming mimosa trees. At the Club of the Communal Officials there is music. Yonder are the lights of the Workers' Library, and just beyond is the club of another society. My pleasant friend tells me that only four years ago the Georgian peasants were virtually serfs, but that many of them can now read and write, and take a lively interest in political and economic matters. Rain begins to fall in torrents. Nevertheless, we visit the famous city park of Batum, which skirts the seashore. I get a vague impression of palms, rubber trees, cacti, and agaves in the moist darkness. My young friend tells me about the educational work of the Georgian Republic and the emancipation of Turkish women. The sea thunders against the sea wall, the rain increases in violence, and we hasten back to the paved streets of the city. At midnight the sirens of the steamers in the harbor shriek, bidding farewell to 1926. The streets are crowded with a noisy, singing crowd. Then somebody falls a-fighting. A revolver shot rings out. Horsemen with rattling weapons gallop past.

A little ghostlike white figure edges its way into the crowded railway waiting-room between my tall and swarthy fellow passengers, who are clad in furs, tall boots, and odd felt caps. It proves to be a tiny, delicate-looking boy, perhaps eight years old, barefooted, although the thermometer is barely above the freezing point, and wearing only a ragged suit of adult underwear, so loose that he must cling to it to keep it from dropping off. Most tragic of all, in spite of his pale, pinched features, he seems to be happy, and laughs merrily as he picks up the few kopecks thrown to him. He is only one of the great army of unhappy orphans left by the famine of 1921. I am told they number half a million, and have reverted to a condition approaching that of wild animals. It is impossible to keep them in schools and institutions. They wander in herds, like some nomadic pest, the length and breadth of Russia. At first they appear by ones and twos, like skirmishers; then whole armies follow, only to vanish as suddenly as they came. In the winter they gather in Southern Russia, particularly in Crimea and the region around Batum.

On my journey through the Caucasus I saw hundreds of these unfortunate waifs. In Baku they were no longer white spectres, but as black as pitch. Their faces, hands, feet, and the scanty rags they wore were saturated with soot and oil. I supposed at first that they were employed in some capacity in the petroleum fields. But they never work — they beg. They will never in their lives do useful labor; they have become incurable mendicants. But they sleep nights in the fire holes under the asphalt boilers which are scattered all over Baku, which retain warmth enough to protect them from the winter's frost. One night I saw two little fellows sleeping curled up inside an

empty asphalt kettle. No wonder they are black.

A swarm of the little vagabonds accompanies us on the running boards and trucks of the train. At every station they jump off, beg, or gambol around like clowns in their rags. As soon as the train starts again, they resume their places on the buffers and running boards. They also crowd the trains going the opposite way. But when the tea plantations and the mimosas and almond trees drop behind us, they vanish like the mist.

We leave the coast and continue up the valley of a river which receives its water from the Caucasus. The soil shows every evidence of great fertility. Yellow brooks fed by melting snow abound. The roads are soft and full of ochre-colored puddles, in which the peasants' carts sink to the hubs of their high wheels. At many places along the river the footpaths have been washed away. Higher up we reach the snow line and pass through heavy drifts, then glide down into the valley of the Kura River, which empties into the Caspian. Tiflis is a sea of lights, but we halt only a few minutes, and hasten on according to schedule.

My coachman drives at full speed into the bazaar quarter of Resht. Rows of bright shop-lights, looking like glass bird-cages, fairly dazzle us by their glare as we plunge out of the darkness, although they contain only petroleum lamps. A medley of colors unrolls like a long Persian carpet on either hand — pyramids of oranges, heaps of fresh green stuff, bright fabrics, tin kettles glittering in the light, a smithy's red fire. The street is full of life and movement. Gables project over us, more picturesque than any cinema producer has conceived, and the cries of street vendors din our ears.

Resht is one of the principal cities of Northern Persia, with a population estimated at sixty thousand. It has fine shops, a great bazaar, and many caravansaries and mosques. Around it is some of the most fertile land in the Shah's dominions, which produces large crops of rice, grain, cotton, and fruit. Silk raising is also an important industry.

After a fairly comfortable night at the primitive Hôtel de Paris, the best stopping place in town, we are up betimes for an early departure. A traffic officer, stationed under a broad wooden canopy in the principal square, directs us with a wave of the hand to the Kazvin and Teheran road, which leads to the Persian capital nearly two hundred miles away. Our motor coughs in the cool morning air. A whole row of other cars is parked in the plaza.

The heavens are overcast, and the roads, softened by winter rains, are full of yellow clay puddles. People are already astir in the suburbs. An old gray-bearded man is blowing his brazier in front of the house. Beside him lie two yellow masterless dogs. A little wayside stand already displays heaps of oranges, lemons, and other fruit. It is in charge of a tiny little lassie, perhaps six years old, as pretty and blooming as one of her own peaches. I do not know what she would do if a customer came, but there is none in sight. The last buildings, which are in European style, are the barracks, where soldiers are drilling.

At a gate across the highway a gendarme demands our passports. Since he cannot read, we have to spell out our names to him. He is a sturdy, bearded fellow, wrapped in a shaggy cloak, his face tanned black by exposure. On his cap he wears a big tin shield representing a lion with the rising sun behind it.

We push on. The highway grows

livelier. We pass strings of mules carrying building stone and road metal. One train of thirty pack animals is loaded with the little marble blocks from which statuettes are chiseled at Resht. Others drag long poplar stems, which trail on the ground behind them. These are used for rafters. A crowd of boys and men carrying bundles of fagots suspended from the ends of teetering poles comes next.

We proceed at a snail's pace. A long procession of covered wagons meets us. Each is drawn by four horses, which are adorned with turquoise-blue chains and ribbons, and wear bells. The drivers wrap sheepskin coats over their rags, and are sound asleep with the reins in their hands. There is much shouting, and we are obliged to come to a full stop to let the procession pass. A rod or two behind the wagons two mule trains have got into a tangle. The frightened animals bump their packs into each other, gallop hither and thither, and give their drivers infinite trouble before they are back in line. A few minutes later the street is blockaded again with bales, — mountains of bales borne by pack animals, — until it is almost impossible to pass. The drivers are fast asleep, and do not wake up until we are in their midst.

After a short interval of comparatively unobstructed roadway, we overtake a long mule train laden with iron hoops and rods to be used as girders. The animals' heads are completely covered with bangles of tin and mother-of-pearl, which make a constant jingle. They will jingle on for three weeks before they reach Teheran.

It is an odd coincidence, confirmed by the curses of our driver, that whenever we overtake a caravan going our way it is just at a time when a caravan from the opposite direction meets us. Each time we are obliged to stop until the long procession of covered wagons,

excited, head-tossing horses, or huge bales of cotton on shying pack animals, files past. The worst tangles are invariably at the bridges and fords.

Listen! What is coming now? A clanging of bells like a cathedral chime — and a caravan of camels fully a quarter of a mile long file down the road. They advance at an easy, indifferent pace, following their leader in perfect unison. They never hurry; neither do they ever lag. A line runs from halter to halter, but it never pulls taut. The animals really do not need it. They have marched tens of thousands of kilometres in their day, and they understand perfectly the service they must render their masters in return for a pail of water and a bit of forage. Many of them are magnificent animals — yellow giants, real camel skyscrapers. They wear strings of bells around their neck. Some of these are of enormous size — one hanging on an animal's flank must have been eighteen inches long. Strings of mother-of-pearl are also hung around their necks. Each owner prides himself on decorating his animal best.

These majestic beasts carry huge bales from whose ribs cotton oozes out — for the wrappings are only scraps of ragged striped sacking and old pieces of carpet. Their drivers look equally dilapidated, being clothed for the most part in sheepskins and old bits of rug. Some sit gravely on their animals; others ride backwards; still others lie prone upon the beast's flanks, sound asleep. Long after they have passed the jangle of bells is audible, until it is finally lost in the winding distances below.

After this the road is clearer. We have left behind the caravans that set forth in the night in order to reach Resht before the heat of the day. Tilled fields have ceased. Thickets, tangles of berry bushes, wild meadows,

and swampy stretches border the road. We see places where wild pigs have rooted up the ground. Snowballs blossom by the wayside.

In front of a solitary house a sheep is being solemnly slaughtered. Several men squat around it in an almost reverential attitude. A few minutes later we come unexpectedly upon a great caravansary thronged with people like a country market. Peasants have brought in their rice to barter for other goods. Remnants of beautiful colored tile-work are still visible on the walls. A few minutes later we meet a troop of ragged gypsies on foot, with a few handsome women among them, and, passing a small village, are at the outskirts of the forest.

From this point the road rises rapidly, following the broad, boulder-strewn channel of the Safid Rud. The stream bed is from six hundred to fifteen hundred yards wide, and the road is built of stones taken from it. My Persian interpreter, who does not know a word of German or French, pulls his cap down over his eyes, wraps himself closer in his brown cape, and begins to sing a melancholy, guttural song. The forest which covers the neighboring slopes is grotesque and fantastic enough to suggest the witch-ridden approach of an ogre's castle. Above a tangled undergrowth of briars, lianas, and other impenetrable shrubbery, which looks as if the original timber had been prostrated by some great hurricane, rise solitary, storm-crippled trees, draped to the top of their shattered, stripped limbs with mistletoe and other parasitic vines. This jungle affords cover for jackals, wolves, hyenas, and occasional panthers.

Gradually the valley narrows to a gulch and the snowy summits ahead draw nearer. Across them lies our way to Kazvin. The road grows rougher. Two Benz trucks come tearing down

the mountain and leave us enveloped in a cloud of yellow dust. At length the forest stops as suddenly as it began. It is the last standing timber that we shall see during many hundred miles of travel across Persia; in these higher altitudes the mountains are bare. A cold wind chills us to the marrow. Far below and behind us a caravan of camels is drinking at the river, on whose banks a few ruinous villages and tiny rice fields are still visible.

At noon we stop at a little mountain town, where we eat cabbage soup while surrounded by ragged beggars. Flat Persian bread lies at the side of our plates, looking like scraps of wrapping paper. At this miserable hamlet, consisting of only a few huts, three dusty automobiles bound for Resht stand in front of the dilapidated inn. They are so overloaded that it seems a miracle that they were able to get across the mountains. A little beyond them a large caravan is resting. There are eight groups of camels, each consisting of twenty-four animals. They lie parked in perfect order, munching their fodder, like guests at a wedding. Their loads are stacked in orderly piles around them — cases of petroleum and gasoline and bundles of sheet iron destined for Teheran.

Soon after leaving this point we cross the Safid Rud and follow up the valley of the Shah Rud, a tributary flowing into it from the east. Far below in the bed of the stream lie the broken arches of a dynamited bridge. Some years ago the Russians built a fine highway from Ensali to Kazvin, in order that they might come quickly to the aid of the Persians in time of peril, as good neighbors should. During the war the English got into this country and blew up the bridge. At least, that is the story our driver told us. The road rises in steep spirals, following the contour of the mountain, without

a straight stretch fifty yards long between this valley and the summit. The water boils in our radiator, the engine labors, the brakes shriek. Far beneath us we see the fragments of an automobile which has been dashed to pieces over the cliff below. Dozens of cars have gone over here. It grows dark. Snow lies on the neighboring slopes. We are close to the top of the pass. Stiff with cold, we halt in utter darkness before an inn. Not a spark of light is visible until we enter. A glass of tea, a few minutes in front of a coal fire, with our eyes smarting from the smoke, and we are off again.

White, icy pinnacles surround us on all sides. We are crossing a snow-covered crater. The interpreter resumes his melancholy chant. I sit silent, wrapped tightly in overcoat and rugs. Finally the road begins to descend. We have reached an altitude of seventy-five hundred feet above the sea, and the inland plateau lies only six hundred feet beneath us. A glitter of lights appears in the darkness — Kazvin.

Far flung over a broad plain lies Teheran, the capital of the Shahs. My first distant glimpse of it was a faint silhouette of minarets and mosque domes. As soon as I lost myself in the tangle of streets, however, these seemed to vanish.

Western influence is already unmistakable in the business and Government quarter. Some shops deal largely in European merchandise, though mostly of the provincial sort. There are also a few European hotels with high-sounding names, like the *Hôtel de Paris* and the *Hôtel de France* — untidy, cheerless places, crowded with dilapidated European furniture, and at this season as cold as ice. The telegraph and telephones have been introduced. A score or so of Persians speak European languages, and several hun-

dred of them wear European clothing. Droschkies, evidently copied from Russia, and a few dozen automobiles enliven the main highways.

That is about all, if we except the recently introduced airplane service that the West has given Persia to date. A few steps take one away from all this into the purely Oriental bazaar, a labyrinth of vaulted streets and passages, lighted by occasional apertures in the roof through which the sun shoots dazzling shafts of light. Here shop jostles shop. The humbler contain only a single man sitting in front of a basket of charcoal. Others display mountains of shining tinware arranged with a sort of high-altar effect and presided over by a dignified merchant of ample proportions and princely mien. He sits immobile as a statue under his gigantic turban, with his beard and his finger nails stained red with henna. Next door a coppersmith hammers at his wares. Copper utensils are sold by weight. They are more expensive than European dishes and kettles, but their metal retains its value after they are worn out. A five-year-old boy, as black and sooty as the smith he serves, pumps a bellows bigger than himself.

Next my ears catch the sound of sizzling and frying — an open-air kitchen, where bits of mutton are grilling on spits over a charcoal fire. Close by bakers are kneading dough, which they roll out into thin pancakes and thrust into an oven, whence it quickly emerges crisp and brown. But what is that humming sound, like a bass viol in the distance? A man is squatting on the ground plucking the string of a giant bow over a mass of cotton, which fluffs up like a sea of foam under the vibration. His neighbor is turning a bit of wood by a process as old as the Pyramids of Egypt. Rotating with a sort of fiddle-bow the stick

on which he is working, he skillfully holds the tool to the wood with his bare toes. Yonder are cabinetmakers, fez makers, shoemakers, rug dealers, confectioners — variety without end.

Naturally there are itinerant vendors also, carrying their wares on their heads or on donkey-back. In the latter case the saddlebags support a flat, round table, on which are heaped oranges and confectionery, with a kerosene lamp in the centre, which is lighted at night. The crowd flows past, peddlers shout, asses, droshkies, and horsemen jostle each other, the tea houses are crowded, and yonder in a corner sit the opium smokers.

Occasionally a tea-house servant steps into the passage and swings a little wire basket of glowing coals round and round in a circle until the contents glow brightly. They are coals to light the opium pipes.

An hour's automobile journey from Teheran lies the famous hunting lodge of the Shahs. From the native point of view the most wonderful thing about the place is a pond — a real pond, some twenty paces long and twenty paces broad, and fully three feet deep. It is supplied by a spring that manages in some way to exist in the midst of the desert, and empties into irrigation ditches bordered by ancient pines and plane trees and poplars, so that the whole constitutes a charming oasis in the arid plain. The most interesting thing about the little building itself is its tile decorations, which, though not very ancient, follow strictly the old tradition. The designs are cheerful and humorous — shepherd scenes, hunting parties, strolling couples, a Moslem with his arm around a monkey, archers shooting at a white dromedary, a cat with a mouse, a lion riding on an elephant, two turbaned monkeys reading a book, a hunter fighting a bear, two giraffes, one yellow and the other red,

opium smokers, card players, two girls in a swing. Not far from the hunting lodge rises a range of barren hills, in one of whose distant valleys a sharp-eyed observer can discern a low round tower. It is a tower of silence, where the Parsis expose their dead.

A January snowstorm, driven before an icy wind from the mountains, has visited the city. Camels plod through the slush with big flakes hanging on their shaggy coats. For the most part, the streets are deserted. The women stay at home hugging their warm fire boxes, men brush past clutching tightly their leather-colored mantles, while the beggars have wrapped their heads in sacks and stamp their bare feet, purple with cold, in the snow. Me for sunnier climes!

The day of miracles is not past. Our automobile is actually at the door at 7 A.M. We stow aboard our twenty hundredweight of luggage, and by the time our party is all assembled it is nearly ten. I have engaged a young Persian named Mirza Ismael as my interpreter and personal servant. Naturally Ismael is too much of a gentleman to perform menial duties. Consequently he has engaged a servant for himself — his younger brother, Karim. The chauffeur, Mohammed, is likewise taking along a servant, else who would bring water for the radiator and pump up the tires? He rejoices in the name of Djamshid, and is a fellow of magnificent physique. Although he claims to be an Arab, he certainly must have a goodly portion of Negro blood in his veins. His mahogany skin glistens as if it were varnished, and when he removes his greasy brown *kulah* his jet-black, tangled, felted hair stands up a full foot above his head.

Two traveling companions raise our party to seven people. I survey our little car with considerable concern.

When I look at it from in front, the rickety body — of Persian manufacture — sags dangerously to the left. When I look at it from behind — mystery of mysteries, it sags equally badly to the right. The axles also are somewhat askew. Can I get through to Ispahan with it? God's will be done!

On the chauffeur's left sits Mirza Ismael, or 'Writer' Ismael, his feet perched on a can of gasoline. He has bought a *pustin*, or sheepskin jacket, for the trip, which is worn with the woolly side in. It is colored saffron yellow, with elaborate ornamentation around the neck and the armholes. He also wears a white woolen cap which he can pull down over his whole head. I sit on Mohammed's right, and directly under my feet crouches Djamshid, leaning his back against my knees, with his feet braced against the mud-guard. The other three occupants are perched on boxes behind us. Thus we proceed through the streets of Teheran.

A policeman halts us a short distance before we reach the yellow-and-green-tiled Southern Gate. He examines our passports, and then inspects even more carefully our automobile, which he is inclined to question. Djamshid suddenly grows voluble, points to our extra tires, — the law requires us to have four, — and finally we are allowed to proceed. On either hand are dilapidated adobe houses occupied by potters. Long rows of fresh clay crocks and jars stand drying in the sun. A black-faced boy creeps out of a smudge of smoke in front of a round beehive kiln, to watch us pass. New rows of beautifully blue-glazed jars and dishes follow.

At length we reach green fields, with water gurgling past in brook channels, irrigation ditches, and canals. Rows of poplars several deep border the highway. Small herds of cattle pasture in the meadows, and a tender golden

shimmer lies over the landscape. A horse rolls joyously on the turf near a water hole. People are working in the fields. The soil is very fertile here, entirely different from the arid desert between Kazvin and Teheran. There is plenty of traffic. Peasant carts and camels bring firewood and huge bundles of the dry reedy stalks of desert plants to the city. One caravan of forty little burros is loaded with straw. Each of the tiny animals carries two great round balloonlike nets of it, so big that the bearer is completely hidden by its burden.

Before long we catch sight of blue mountains on the horizon — our day's destination. The road is excellent. At a little village we pass the last police station of Teheran. Again our passports are examined by courteous officials and the number of our automobile is registered. Then the bar across the highway is lifted and we proceed.

When we look back Teheran's silhouette is still visible, half-veiled by the smoke of a thousand chimneys. The wonderful blue cupola of the great mosque glitters through the haze. Beyond the dazzling white of snowy mountains gleams across a heaven as clear and blue as those of old holy pictures.

We cross a last tiny brook, and all the beauty of the landscape suddenly vanishes. The road of dark red clay rapidly grows worse, and brown prairies extend on either hand. We ascend the first stony hill we have met, and see a frosty shimmer in the hollows beyond it. The frost is alkali. Close to the highway lies the body of a mule half-eaten by jackals. The water boils in our radiator, the motor grinds in low gear. Djamshid leaps out, but not before we are already slipping backward. Instantly, however, he gets into action, pulls a heavy wooden wedge

with a broomstick handle out of the car, and thrusts it under a rear wheel. This stops us. Thereupon all the passengers get out and push. Gradually the car begins to climb again. When we reach the level Djamshid runs beside us for a moment, then jumps lightly on the running board. We repeat this manoeuvre over and over. Half a hour later we have our first blow-out. Djamshid takes off his ragged coat and scratches his head. In fact, it is no laughing matter.

They say that an automobile can make the run from Teheran to Ispahan, about two hundred and sixty miles, in a single day. I think that a myth. It might be done with a professional racing man at the wheel and one hundred horsepower under the hood. For my part, I have no desire to make a record. I have hired my little car for a week, for \$112.50, and my first day's objective is the holy city of Kum, ninety miles from Teheran.

I relinquish all hope of seeing Kum to-night, however, when a few minutes later we have our second blow-out. The radiator rumbles like a locomotive, and we must stop every mile or so for Djamshid to pour in more water. We carry our water in a canvas bag lashed on one side of the car, where it is kept cool by wind and evaporation. We stop to repair our oil feed at a little caravansary on Salt River — a charming place where a bridge spans a little stream. Camels are drinking below. Two caravans are resting in the courtyard, one laden with hides, the other with flour for Teheran. The packs are piled up in neat order, separated carefully from each other, while the camels are eating. The latter lie in circles of eight or ten around a heap of straw, into which they thrust their velvety muzzles, snorting with pleasure and chewing their dry fare with a peculiar right and left motion of the underjaw.

We resume our journey through arid, stony country between low, barren hills. Nothing grows here except telegraph poles. A darkness like the obscurity preceding a thunderstorm gathers over us, but it is only night drawing on apace. By the time we reach Aliabad, a police station and caravansary famous for its excellent water, it is as black as midnight. This is a tiny place, inhabited only by a few peasants, and owes its existence to a spring, which supplies a large basin in the garden of the police station. The overflow runs across the street and directly through the tea house of the inn. We see nothing of this when we arrive, however, because it is too dark. All that is visible is a glow of light from the tea house and a few black arches outlined against the sky. I alight from the machine, and promptly tumble into an open ditch.

The tea house is full of smoke. Charcoal braziers are glowing and a samovar is boiling. Four great alcoves open into the octagon guestroom. The middle of the stone floor is occupied by a pretty eight-cornered basin which is full to the brim of water. The niche-like alcoves are raised about a yard above the floor, and in them guests sit smoking, sipping tea, and warming their fingers over the braziers. Most of them are good-natured, sun- and wind-tanned peasants, shepherds, and camel drivers. In one of the niches, however, squats a merchant, on his way to Teheran with a caravan of goods, sharing his dinner with two beautiful Persian kittens. He immediately invites me to join him, but I decline with polite regrets. The merchant has already engaged a servant — an aged beggar, whose duty it is to keep his pipe going while he himself eats. The old mendicant squats there puffing and pulling for all he is worth, until the merchant has finished his meal, when

the latter takes the pipe and thrusts the unwiped, wet mouthpiece between his own lips.

Beside the basin the landlord is having his hair cut and his neck shaved by a white-bearded barber. Mohammed and Djamshid promptly join the camel drivers in one of the alcoves, to warm themselves and to boast about their exploits.

Chauffeurs are already the heroes of the Persian highways. They put on airs like the bold East Indian captains of old with the skippers of home-keeping coasting boats. They can tell all about Bagdad and Meshed, even if they have not been there. They cover in a day distances for which caravans take two weeks or more. Naturally the camel drivers listen to them with open-mouthed admiration. Quite apart from their other exploits, moreover, they are enveloped in the charm of mystery and magic — these men who fly over the roads in coaches without horses, and

must therefore have more or less intimate relations with the Devil and his satellites.

Ismael succeeds in finding a room where we can spend the night. It is absolutely empty, and as cold as ice. The floor is of damp clay, and the black-vaulted ceiling drips with moisture. The broken door does not shut, and would have been useless if it did, for there is a great hole in the wall. We sacrifice the top of one of our boxes to make a little fire to warm ourselves. Ismael himself pitches his camp bed in front of our door. His servant and Djamshid sleep in the automobile to watch our luggage, although it is intensely cold. But everybody is in good spirits. Someone strikes up a song in the tea house — evidently Djamshid treating the guests to his finest ballads. Soon, however, all sounds cease except the murmur of the overflow from the basin rippling across the road.

LAST CONVERSATIONS WITH ANATOLE FRANCE¹

BY NICOLAS SÉGUR

ONE afternoon in July 1919, France, seated in the back of a little haberdashery where we had an appointment, talked to me about the drawbacks of progress. I found him in a small room leading off a landing on the first floor and giving access to an obscure stairway. The furniture consisted of a wooden table and an armchair. It is here that the author of *Thaïs*, who loves humble people, and who ap-

proaches them much more often since his marriage, seeks refuge when he leaves La Béchellerie to spend some hours in Tours.

At first he continues his conversation of the previous evening, in which he talked about the young writers. He speaks without indulgence, but also without irony, since it is the most natural thing in the world to deplore the general decline of culture and taste. The shopkeeper enters, and the master pays him a few compliments before

¹ From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris literary weekly), May 21

pursuing the exposition of his ideas. 'One should not cavil at progress. Who dares, indeed? In any case, not I, who love the lights, even the destructive ones. Yet I recognize that Renan's contempt toward the new generations was not unfair. The author of the *Life of Jesus* believed that ignorance was raising its head and that it was going to advance relentlessly throughout the entire world. He said this toward the close of his life, and I suspect him of having foreseen the end of our civilization through cretinism. He exaggerated, and perhaps I too tend to exaggerate. But just the same, it is necessary to point out this frightful, terrifying process of leveling that the march of progress has produced. Progress, and especially our version of progress, which inclines to emphasize practical matters, offers many inconveniences. We shall adapt ourselves to it, — we are doing so already, — but not without certain hardships.

'In the last analysis material progress means facility, a general smoothing out and lack of effort, and as a result, mark you, lack of personality. We cannot make powerful machines with impunity. They end by crushing us.

'The philosophers of the future will state, with or without surprise, — with surprise if they are shortsighted, and without surprise if they know the whims and tricks of human nature, — that the various forms of progress which developed in the nineteenth century, and which were of a mechanical and scientific nature, made the planet rather more stupid than it was before, and that, if they did not degrade it, they at least vulgarized it and lowered its intellectual level.

'We have witnessed the triumph of electricity and of the press, but we have also abandoned scholarship to a

relative degree. We neglect the humanities and devote all our attention to making machines rather than individuals.

'Yes, it is true. Look about you clear-sightedly, and behold the inconveniences of progress. For one thing, all the worst germs find conditions peculiarly favorable for their development. Then, too, the seeds of crime vegetate obscurely in various obscure souls. Even now they are spread abroad and contaminate all minds that are receptive to the culture of vice — and God knows there are enough of them. Corruption, politicians, stock-market scandals, desperate deeds of bandits, beautifully thought out crimes, all seduce, infect, and pervert our souls with the speed of lightning — I mean with the speed of electricity, at the rate of three hundred thousand kilometres a second.

'Above all, the prestige of great men seems to have gone into a decline. And it is on their prestige and authority that antique society was based. Leaders and geniuses could hardly be distinguished from God Himself. People would point to Dante and say that he had actually been in Hell, and the King's touch was sought as a cure for disease. My friend Pierre Laffitte, the positivist, said that fetishism is the fundamental element in human respect. It is understood that politicians and great poets, as well as great pontiffs, should become fetishes. Their real life is not different from ours. They have as many tribulations as we; they partake in our misery, our weaknesses, and our absurdities. But this must be ignored. We must see them surrounded by aureoles, and, in order to believe in something, we must believe in them.

'But this has become impossible. Desperately we publish all sorts of indiscretions about our public men, and

present them only in a bad light. I remember reading in a paper at the moment *Cyrano* made its immense success that the young poet who had written the play was bald. Ridiculous aspects of presidents of the Republic and of popes, the misfortunes of the great, petty official adulteries — such matters as these are all immediately made public. To make fun of great men and to humiliate them is the essence of what the press does to amuse its readers.

‘Thus lack of respect is the first watchword of modern society. Our second failing is to misunderstand real culture and to substitute in its stead a simple kind of varnish, quite superficial and secondhand.

‘Before the days of our great inventions men communicated with each other rarely, and when they did so they touched only upon matters of importance. In those days there were wise men and fools. But now that we have abolished distance, everything is leveled off and planed down, and our ears ring with idiotic banalities. We talk about everything, but study nothing. Just as the cinema has taken the place of the theatre, the newspaper has superseded stiff instruction. Pathé has ousted Racine, and *Le Petit Parisien* or *Lectures pour tous* is standing in the shoes of Montaigne and Voltaire. And if Edison has not yet fabricated an electric woman, such as Villiers de l’Isle Adam imagined, we have substituted mechanical muses for divine ones.’

Then, getting up and carelessly putting on his felt hat, France paid his respects to his friend the shopkeeper in honeyed words — accompanied by admiring glances at the radiant young shopgirl — before he took my arm and descended the little staircase.

‘There is no doubt about it, my friend,’ he announced as he climbed

into his red automobile, ‘we are the slaves of the very manikins of progress that we ourselves created. Like Goethe’s apprentice sorcerer, we do not know the formula that will bring to an end the saraband that we are dancing and that we originated. We vaunt our civilization, for all its lack of soul and lack of fetishes. Yet it does not boast a single essential truth that previous civilizations did not know. Ignorant and vain, we move toward the future, charged with disrespect, confusion, cynicism, and perhaps cretinism.

‘Yes, Flammarion prophesied that the end of the world would be due to cold; and Sully-Prudhomme — chaste Sully-Prudhomme — saw it foundering through excess of pleasure. For my part, I perceive about me ignorant frivolity and noisy vanity — in short, certain symptoms of cretinism are already extinguishing the lights of Europe, as they extinguished the lights of antiquity. But, who knows? Perhaps a miracle, a lucky misfortune, a salutary disaster, will rally the forces of Europe. As you know, the plagues of Egypt woke up the country and fortified it.’

‘Of course, there is Bolshevism.’

‘Yes, clearly there is Bolshevism,’ France replied.

He looked at me with wider eyes than usual, then held his peace a moment before talking to me about his dear sick wife, whose condition was disturbing him at the time.

One morning, having found Anatole France alone, I talked to him laughingly about one of his stories in *L’Étui de nacre*, where, either by mistake or as a distraction, he gave the heroine a different name on almost every page.

‘It’s impossible to understand anything,’ cried France in astonishment.

'And is the mistake repeated continually? How stupid.'

'I don't own a copy of the first edition.'

'Well, I shall correct it. I shall correct it. I must make a note of the matter, so that I surely may not forget. And you say that it is not only once that the heroine changes her name?'

'Three or four times.'

'I had carelessly assembled a number of old fragments. You desolate me. It is terrible to commit such stupidities. And no one noticed it. I shall correct it. I should like to correct everything. Take *Le Lys rouge*, for example. When I had finished it I wanted to revise the text. On the first page I fell upon the descriptive passage with which the novel opens, and found that it was incomprehensible, badly written, constrained, awkward, and pitiful. I set myself to re-composing it in French—or at any rate I tried to do so. I made the passage over completely. I then continued to pick the book apart phrase by phrase, but I quickly recognized that to do this well I should have to re-write the entire novel. Then, weary of the struggle, I gave up everything, confining myself to a number of absolutely necessary corrections. Hence only the first two pages of *Le Lys rouge* are correct to-day.'

Then, continuing to ponder over the error I had pointed out to him, he went on:—

'A character with a different name on every page. That is the height of distraction.'

Anatole France appeared desolated. Then he smiled.

'Do you know, my friend, that what you have said has given me great pleasure? To come to think of it, only geniuses allow themselves to make such mistakes. This is not true in my case, but the resemblance, superficial

or even negative as it may be, is agreeable none the less. Indeed it is. Shakespeare and Cervantes have been guilty of blunders of this sort. You know the incredible forgetfulness of Cervantes when he made Sancho prod his ass while he was searching for the identical lost beast. As for Shakespeare, he abounds in similar errors. I remember in particular how Macbeth, who could not find the witches when he had to assassinate Duncan, knew their address perfectly when he thought of assassinating Macduff. This same Macbeth speaks of some thane or other as a powerful chief, forgetting that a few pages back he had annihilated him and taken him prisoner.

'You see, the essential thing is to create life. This Macbeth of Shakespeare's who does not remember what he said yesterday is so forceful and alive that he has put the Macbeth of the *Chronicles* into the shade—the Macbeth of pallid truth who was, in all likelihood, a coherent, consequential person.'

After a silence he continued:—

'How beautiful is the power of the genius that creates such figures as Macbeth or Don Quixote. Think, my friend, of its faculty for evasion from the real, of its capacity for illusion and disincarnation.

'Wait. I often recall a story about Balzac that seems to me admirable. A friend came to talk to him about his domestic misfortunes—I believe he said that his sister was sick. Balzac listened impatiently, and then interrupted him, saying:—

"Now let's leave all that and get around to reality. Let's talk about Père Goriot."

'For him the imagination was reality.

'The world is bad because in it we are slaves. But when we create a world of our own, we escape. Balzac's friend

was stumbling in embarrassment among misfortunes and disasters, while Balzac lived in a reality of his own that he fashioned to his taste. That was his kingdom, and the result was that he mastered life and freed himself from destiny and contingencies.

'You could say that in this world, devoid of miracles, genius has taken their place, however inadequately.

'Of course, I should prefer never to have lived at all — to be born is pure misfortune. But had I had the power to choose my destiny, I should have elected to be a dreamer, like the hero of *Cyrano de Bergerac* who, thanks to his power of liberation and the ubiquity with which his imagination invested him, traveled in the moon.

'The man whose gentle face the silent Muses touch while he lies in his cradle is not entirely unfortunate. He can correct the universe. He creates, side by side with the Creator. What love grants to everyone for an instant — and by that I mean the faculty to

take the torch of life in one's hand and to pass on the flame — genius grants permanently to its favorites.

'Such men possess the lion's share of our portion of dream, and their lot is the most enviable of any here below.'

'That's true. It is a joy to write.'

'Say rather to dream, to imagine, to conceive. As for writing, I am not too sure. For my own part, I taste the joys of evasion in thinking, but not in writing. Ah, yes, I am not a writer by nature. Every time I am handed a pen and sheets of paper are laid before me I long to scoot out the door, to go up in a balloon, to take ship, or to escape in some way.'

'But you said that it was wonderful to imprint ideal figures on a sheet of paper.'

'But in the final accounting they are only phantoms. Is n't it better to contemplate the great river where everything is flowing? Can you write, when out of doors there are flowers, sunshine, and women?'

THE UNKNOWN GOD¹

BY THE REVEREND DOCTOR STANLEY MELLOR

[J. MIDDLETON MURRY, editor of the *Adelphi*, supplies this introductory note: —

'Dr. Stanley Mellor, the author of this sermon, died in April 1926. He was the minister of the well-known Hope Street Church in Liverpool, and was recognized as one of the most remarkable figures in Unitarian Christianity. Some of his printed sermons were sent

me, now almost two years ago, by a member of his congregation, who was a reader of this magazine. They impressed me profoundly, and I gave voice to my admiration and sympathy in a letter to their author. I was surprised and gratified to learn from him that the admiration and sympathy were mutual; and he gave his consent to my request that I might print one of his sermons in these pages with the generous words that he would rather

¹ From the *Adelphi* (London literary monthly), June

see it printed here than anywhere.

'I had scarcely made contact with Dr. Mellor when I learned, first, that he had fallen ill, then, to my dismay, that he was dead. Seldom have I felt such a sense of intimate loss; never, I am sure, in the case of one whom I had never met. But Dr. Mellor's qualities shine clear through his sermons—a high and impassioned intellectual honesty, the reality of a profound religious experience, an absolute determination to say not a word less or more than he truly believed, an eager response to the authentic voice of the Spirit wherever he found it (and he searched far), a noble and masculine eloquence. I do not know whether these rare qualities coexist in many other ministers of religion to-day; I can only say I have found them in the author of this sermon. Here was a man who *passionately* sought for religious truth; and, because he sought passionately, he found it.']

On the practical loving of the unknown God! Now, surely, that sounds, on first hearing, an utterly meaningless and even ridiculous proposition; only a mind deliberately fashioning and dealing in absurdities would or could conceive it, and only a mind quite lost to every sense of logic and decency would dare to present such a proposition for the consideration of intelligent people.

The retort to the proposition from every side is so obvious. How can we love that which we do not know? The suggestion is without meaning. How can we be in any state or attitude of passionate desire, longing, affection, in regard and relation to an object which lies outside our understanding and comprehension, of whose ultimate nature we can know nothing with certainty, and whose very existence, as a valid, objective reality, is not vouched

for or guaranteed by any kind of proof or demonstration that can convince the disciplined, rational mind of any man? Obviously, the thing is impossible. If this mysterious being of God is really unknown, if, in the essential moment of religion, the spirit of man is concerned with something ineffable and strictly unknowable, why bother any further about the matter? Why trouble one atom about this thing, if it be indeed anything at all, that thus transcends our intelligence and is thus enveloped in impenetrable mystery? What have we to do with this dubious unknown; or this unknown—what has it to do with us: how can there be any relationship with that which lies so completely beyond knowledge and even beyond misunderstanding? The simplest thing would be to dismiss all this queer, bewildering business entirely from life and thought, and get on with the real business of existence, whatever that may be. Any common-sense, genuine, practically minded person would very quickly reach this conclusion, and act accordingly.

Yes, indeed: the possibilities of retort, crushing retort, to our proposal of a practical loving of the unknown God are obvious and many; and we ourselves are not unaware of them. Nevertheless, we persist in our proposition. It stands, and we shall maintain it; and we protest vigorously and earnestly that it is not a meaningless proposition, but, on the contrary, one of the few *absolutely vital and essential propositions* in the true understanding of religion and, more importantly, in the worthy living of life. When we plead for the practical loving of the unknown God, we are not pleading for impossible absurdities, but for vital facts, for something utterly essential to any courageous, hopeful, worthy, disinterested way of life in this mortal world. The realities covered and intended by

our proposition *are realities*, and not shams — real facts, and real powers, and real possibilities; in the strange life of the human spirit; nor can we, at the moment, think of any other form of words that so completely expresses the facts we desire to make clear. The more we dwell and reflect upon it, the more pregnant with sheer vital meaning does our phrase become.

The practical loving of the unknown God! Very well: let me start with a general observation. In the realm of religion, as commonly understood, there is very much said and thought, taught, preached, and heard about something called 'the love of God.' This love of God is, in a sense, the fundamental stock-in-trade of religious faith and religious belief, a fundamental verity, the whole Gospel. Did you ever pause to inquire what people who frequently use this phrase really mean by it, what they think they mean by it, whether it has any meaning at all? Perhaps not; but I have often wondered.

I perceive, of course, that by this phrase, 'the love of God,' many different things can be and are meant. I observe that, by it, some people have apparently meant some most unintelligible, impossible, and even revolting thing; but I am more and more disposed to the conclusion that, despite much variety of interpretation, there is a large measure of common agreement regarding one important, and it may be the most important, signification of this phrase. It is not to be denied that, over the whole area of religious expression where the phrase is used, the suggestion is definitely, decisively, and everywhere present that the love of God is a relationship in which the being named God is supposed to stand to man, to the life of man, and to the individual soul of man. The love of God is decidedly something which the

being named God extends to, gives to, or *does for* man and the individual soul of man. Nor is this all. It is also undeniable that the prevailing tendency in all forms of religion is to suggest that this relationship of love in which God is reputed to stand toward man and man's soul is an invariable relationship, and one that persists and is maintained by God, because He is what He is, independently of man and man's desire and will. Upon this side all the emphasis falls. Further, this same love of God is commonly supposed, on the one hand, to give to man a sort of claim upon God: man is *encouraged* to expect and look for a God who will, naturally and inevitably, care for him, — that is, for man, — protect him, nourish him, save him from sin and its results, plant him in the security of Paradise, and what not; and, on the other hand, this same love of God is supposed to constitute the sole adequate reason why man should serve God. . . . 'We love him,' remarks the apostle, 'because he first loved us,' thus expressing a rationale for man's worship and service of God which, as history shows and as we all know, can be interpreted in forms that make it only the disguise of a superstitious, cowardly, mean self-interest, motivated by fear. But there it is, this amazing theory of the love of God, the chiefest matter in religion, and the thing against which the atheist chiefly kicks. And our next step is simple: it is just to point out, with a certain emphasis, that the love of God, thus understood, and the *loving of God* are not by any manner of means the same thing, nor is the one to be confounded with the other, nor does the one necessarily in any way imply or involve the other.

You catch the difference, of course. To me it seems a very great difference, a profound difference — nay, in some ways, an absolute difference. The

whole way of approach, the angle of vision, the whole orientation of mind, are different, vastly different, in regard to these two things. To present the essence of religion as consisting in the supposed love of God to man is one thing; to present it as the *active loving of God by man* is a totally different thing; nor, to the eye of rational reflection, does there seem any obvious connection between these two different things. It is perfectly clear that the teaching of the love of God for man has not, as a mere matter of fact, been particularly successful in evoking any great extent of the loving of God by man — that is obvious. It should also be clear that the argument, 'we must love God *because* He loves us,' is a highly suspicious argument, even in its loftiest and purest forms, let alone in its common and popular forms. To love God, or anybody else, just because He loves me (and, therefore, *ex hypothesi*, will look after me and protect and save me) seems a singularly unworthy attitude, and one that does not really accord with the nature and essence of true loving. It cannot too strongly be emphasized that the activity of loving, the outgoing of self toward identification with another, is, in its highest and most creative ranges, simply *not dependent* upon any such thing as mutuality in response: my loving of another which arises because of or is dependent upon that other's loving of me is defective, is not real loving at all, and there is nothing more to be said about it; and if this is true in the loving of creature by creature, it is yet more true in that ultimate, deep attitude of a man's whole inward being toward the final mystery and reality of the universe and himself which is what is meant by the loving of God; and unless a man understands this, which is a profound, beautiful, and terrible thing, he knows little or nothing of the

true nature of loving — the sublime *ars amoris* is hidden from him.

There is, then, a mighty difference: to teach *the love of God for man* is not at all the same thing as to teach *the loving of God by man*; and we may here, I think, profitably note in passing that the greatest spiritual masters of mankind have invariably said a great deal about the active loving of God by the soul of man, and relatively little about the love of God for man; and the practice of these masters has corresponded with their teaching. Nothing, for instance, can be clearer than the fact that Christ's loving of God, that so marvelous and mysterious energizing of his whole being in a certain direction, had extraordinarily little to do with any loving of him by God, or with anything he thought God had done for him. I know people don't like to face this, but there it is. No one would dare to suppose that Christ's active loving of God, the orientation of his mind and will, the outgoing of his soul, which can be described by these terms — no one, I say, would dare to suppose that this active loving of God suffered defect or diminution or impairment in that dread moment when the cry rent the unanswering heavens, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' No one would say that, in the moment when he believed his God had deserted him, then Christ's loving of God stopped or was diminished. And yet no one will confront the implications of so significant a fact. . . . Nor ought we to forget, though it is exactly the kind of thing which religious people are most eager to forget, that the God whom Christ loved and called on other men to love, on Christ's own showing, cared not an atom more about him, Christ, than about anybody else, even a sparrow in the market place, was no respecter of persons, put the best robe on prodi-

gal sons, and with a *terrifying impartiality* caused His sun to shine equally on the evil and on the good. If you talk at all about the love for man of such a God as this, you are most decidedly talking about something beyond the bounds of human understanding, where accepted standards do not apply; and yet the admittedly mysterious and truly unfathomable nature of the God whom Christ loved in no way affected Christ's active loving of that God: he loved without demand, without expectation, without mutuality, and without understanding — with a loving that is beyond understanding.

And, saying this, we come within sight of something the significance of which cannot be overestimated. The love of God for man, even supposing for a moment that we know what we are talking about, is not the same thing as, nor equivalent to, nor a substitute for, the loving of God by man. To present God's love for man as the heart of religion is not necessarily to evoke any active loving of God by man. To attempt the arousing of an active loving of God by man on the ground and for the reason that we must love God *because* God loves us is, quite apart from futility in results, to degrade the real nature of love and, above all, to degrade and misunderstand the real nature of any true loving of God by the soul of man . . . for the active loving of God by man, if you study the highest examples of such loving that you can find, is visibly not caused by or dependent upon any supposed love of God for man. About the love of God for man there is no sort of assurance, guaranty, or certainty anywhere to be found. We may believe, and we may have faith, *under certain conditions*; but certainty and independent proof of reality are wholly lacking. Yet, on the other hand, about the *active loving of God by man* there is

complete certainty: *that* is a fact, not an hypothesis. This active loving of God is a special energizing of a man's whole nature, thought, feeling, and will in a certain direction, under the domination of certain impulses and the inspiration of certain moments of experience; it is an outgoing of the spirit of man, the soul of man, born from within consciousness itself; and it is an activity, in its real essence and highest ranges, *self-maintained*, and justified solely from within itself. It does not depend on mutuality, nor on any response, being a creative, pure outpouring and outgoing of the inward, independent, isolated spirit.

In the great and wonderful book of Spinoza, the Jew, the book called *The Ethics*, among many other deep things, there is this saying, depth upon depth unfolding — for this man had gone far indeed: '*He who loves God cannot endeavor that God should love him in return.*' A profound saying, a marvelous word, hard, beautiful, and true; for it happens that in this word Spinoza is not merely laying down a difficult rule; he is actually expressing a positive and real fact, by the presence or absence of which the genuineness of any active loving of God can be tested. It is a loving without demand; it is a loving without expectation of any return or reward or recompense; it asks for no consolation; its satisfaction lies within itself; it makes no claims, exacts no bargains; it is an outgoing in complete and utter surrender. '*He who loves God cannot endeavor that God should love him in return*' — not only will not so endeavor, but *cannot*: the very nature of his loving prevents any such endeavor, precludes all demanding and all asking for return. It is a pure self-giving, an independent, self-generated movement of the soul. And it may be that this nature and character of the activity of loving, revealed

in the real loving of God, are the final nature and character of all loving anywhere and at any time: love of man for woman, of woman for man, of man for man — it is all, or ought all to be, an outpouring and outgoing and sheer self-giving; must be such, without claim, without expectation, even without return. And if anyone says that such loving, such activity of loving, is not a fact, not even a possibility, then he who so says lies, and has the lie in his soul. Such loving is the deepest relationship of the soul of an artist to Beauty, of the soul of a thinker to Truth; it is pure loving; it determines a final attitude to the universe, and is itself determined by such an attitude — a deep acceptance of life and death, a deep, utter bowing down to sublime and ultimate mystery, a strong and unyielding determination to create and fashion existence in conformity with the dream of love, not for use, advantage, or reward, but only because the very activity of loving does itself, within itself, require that so it must be and so it shall be.

‘He who loves God *cannot* endeavor that God should love him in return’; and if we did but understand this, find courage to face it, in the moments of our own loving of anything or any person at all, a thousand things would change for us, the world would change, we should change to ourselves. There are moments when every soul has loved like that. They are the moments of truth.

And let us not say or suppose that this practical loving of God, without endeavor that God should love us in return, is an ineffective power, or would be ineffective if men strove to achieve it and live by it. It, and it alone, is the truly energizing power in all creative work, in all the greatness of imagination and pure expression of the soul. No beauty is apprehended or

fashioned without it; no truth is sought out, or achieved without this love, never has been, never will be; at the basis of all art, all poetry, all real science, this loving lies, moves, functions; nothing great in this world has been done without it; only by it can bondage be escaped, littleness transcended, and the soul set free. The place and sphere of its functioning and activity is this world, the here and now, the present moment, the world, the existing world of self and brother, real brother found within real self! Born in the interior deep places of conscious being, called forth where and when the mystic apprehension of any absolute value is quickened within us, due not to our outward-looking but to our inward-seeking, rising by degrees and stages to that sphere of creative imagination which is at once the highest reason and the finest practical skill in life, becoming itself an imaginative reason and a rational imagination, this practical loving of God, asking nothing and demanding nothing for itself, emerges upon the existent world with wide-open eyes and strange vision, quick with penetrative insight into the things that matter, quick with sympathy and generosity and the mystic passion of fellowship, eager to create, splendid in power of pure indignation and the sombre passion of irreconcilable antagonisms, radiant in vital hope and readiness for joy, utterly personal because so utterly impersonal, disinterested with an interest that never wavers or falters, self-centred in the felt apprehension of the universal within itself.

Such practical loving of God is possible, and is a fact; and, because it is what it is, it is loving of God unknown, unfathomable: for it begins in submission to the elements in experience that are beyond understanding, it acts *as if* its dream were the truth,

knowing that it does not know and cannot know whether it be indeed the truth or not, and accepting its own being, *in the present moment*, as sufficient, more than sufficient, in the way of reward, recompense.

And this practical loving of God, which accepts the unknown, and makes no endeavor that God should give love in return, realizing deeply and terribly that, if there be a love of God in reality, it is incomprehensible by anything less than itself, this practical loving of the unknown God is, in the end, the only *believing* in God, the only *faith* that matters, or is really possible. All other belief — and, equally, all bare denial of belief — is formal merely, a sham, a pretense, an hypocrisy, a mere playing with words; for we believe and we have faith, if at all, not with our reason, nor with our hearts, but with our whole life. Belief and faith are functions of vital consciousness, and every such function of vital consciousness depends upon the energizing of love, the activity of loving, which is supreme function. Belief, therefore, without love is empty and vain. We cannot believe first and then love; still less can we first know and then love, for there is no knowledge and there is no knowing, outside loving. And if this active loving rises in the soul, and turns toward the universe as a loving of God, not asking any love from God, not knowing whether there be indeed a God to love, or rather knowing that the God who must be loved is beyond knowing, then we do not first know and believe, but *first we love*: we begin by loving, longing for God, hungering after Him, submitting to this creative passion, in its pain and its joy, giving ourselves to this incorruptible desire, and keeping it uncorrupted. And we must love before we can believe; for we love what we know not, and the very hunger of

our loving must create the divine food that satisfies it. Almost it is as if our loving of God brought the love of God into existence, is, possibly, the same thing . . . even as that same Spinoza said, striving after expression of the unreachable, 'Our loving of God is God's loving of Himself in us.' In proportion as we love, and in proportion as we love God, whom we do not know, God comes Himself to be. If we cease the practical loving of Him, if we cease to hunger after Him, to bear the torment of seeking Him, He ceases to exist, and it matters not whether we say He is or is not.

Reality, truth, is the perpetual interplay of paradox, the unknown God and my soul, my soul and the unknown, mutually creating one another, each in the likeness of the other, God fashioning Himself in my soul's loving of Him, and my soul's loving re-creating itself in God. And to the apprehending of this mystery of the paradoxically real, the stuff of all art and the stuff of all life that is life, imagination is the only key; and the other name of imagination is 'believing love' — the practical loving of the unknown God.

And if now we, too, have become incomprehensible, at least this is not beyond intelligence — that what matters in faith, life, and reason is not the love of God, but *our loving of Him*; that love, at any rate, is a reality, and loving a fact; that first we must love; that, without this, there is nothing; that the necessity is *not* that we shall be loved, but that we shall love; that to love is to suffer, as well as to enjoy, to surrender as well as to conquer, to lose all as well as to gain, to hold death in life and life in death, and to go alone with our love. And this is no mystery, though the chief of mysteries — no mystery, for any soul may love!

BIRDS IN SWAZILAND¹

BY MADELEINE ALSTON

THE birds of the Bushveld have never been properly and scientifically studied. This has been accounted for by the fact that fever forbids long and patient watching at all seasons of the year, and the men who have lived in the Bushveld hitherto have been more interested in killing than in studying the birds. Let us hope that someone will do for South Africa what W. H. Hudson did for England and South America.

If I were asked what, in all that I saw in Swaziland, gave me most pleasure, I should say, without hesitation, 'The birds.' Long hours I spent in the very thickest parts of the Bushveld, making myself as obscure as possible. I never knew when some strange and beautiful thing might not alight overhead or near enough for me to have a good look, and if I ever go back to Swaziland it will be to find joy in the birds. That I have been privileged to see so many rare and beautiful ones seems almost too good to be true.

Swaziland is indeed a paradise of birds as well as of game. I had n't been in the Bushveld two minutes before I saw a large yellow-billed hornbill, and I soon saw that hornbills, red- and yellow-billed, were as common as thrushes on an English lawn. Go-away birds, too, squawked from tree to tree, reminding one of Rhodesia, and hoopoes were everywhere. The South African hoopoe is a smaller bird than the Egyptian one. One of the many

good acts of Lord Kitchener in Egypt was to protect this bird by law as one of the best friends of the agriculturist. Once, when in quarantine, our favorite amusement was to watch a pair of hoopoes that were nesting under the balcony eaves. All day long those devoted parents carried, without ceasing, fat grubs to their babies; but although a devoted parent, the female hoopoe is a bad housekeeper, being distinguished as the one bird that fouls its own nest.

One has red-letter days with birds as with other things, and on some days in the Bushveld the red letters were painted in capitals. One such I recall. My luck began in the early morning. Looking down from our eyrie on the banks of the White Mbuluzi, I saw a large hawk-eagle cling with a pathetic air of distress to the trunk of a tree, and overhead and round about was an army of small chattering, excited birds, pestering the very life out of him. He broke away and alighted on another tree, the small birds pursuing him. Again and again the same thing happened, until finally the noisy little crowd succeeded in driving him across the river, where the Bushveld was more open. It is astonishing how successful persistent impertinence can be.

My luck followed me. Going down to the river among the thick bush and the palms, I saw a flock of about a dozen beautiful birds with green-blue plumage, black breasts, long tails spotted with white, and long, slender,

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scarlet bills, flying from tree to tree, and in all sorts of graceful attitudes, upside down and sideways. How they worked, and what a noise they made about it! They dragged out fat grubs, tussling and pulling, determined not to be beaten by any crawling creature of the bush, and all the time cackling and chattering all at once, like a party of schoolgirls at a picnic. These were the red-billed hoopoes. The Dutch call them *kakelaars* (chatterers), and in some places they are known as 'monkey-birds,' because of their jabbering propensities.

Wonder followed wonder. Next I saw a flash of blue. This was not a kingfisher, but a roller-bird, or, as it is generally called in South Africa, a blue jay — but neither in looks nor habits resembling our English jay. It seemed as if all the blue of the sky and all the blue flowers and jewels that God ever made were tumbling and rolling in one joyous, rollicking flight. Its beauty was a sonnet and a prelude. If Wordsworth's heart leaped up when he beheld a rainbow in the sky, mine stood still when I beheld this delicate blue dancing creature of the air. Later on I was to see many, and in talking to a man of this beautiful thing he said, in the kindness of his heart, 'I'll shoot one for you!' I tried to make my refusal as tactful as possible. I have the plumage of one, shot in Rhodesia, by me now. Its shining glory makes me dumb with wonder, and sad that the little life was prematurely ended.

But — just as if this were n't enough for one day — through the Bush, and alighting several times for a minute or more, flew a bright yellow fellow with a jet-black head and black streaks on his wings. This, of course, was the black-headed oriole, but a much bigger bird than that described in either Fitzsimmons's or Ivy and Haagner's books. By and by a golden oriole alighted just

above my head for several minutes, a close competitor in loveliness with the rollicking roller.

Another inquisitive little fellow did all but alight on my head. On the end of a branch above me he looked and looked, turning his pert little head now to the right and now to the left. He had a yellow throat and orange-colored breast, with yellow below, and a black streak over his bright little eye. He was, I think, an orange-breasted flycatcher. There were also little blue sunbirds hanging on the dancing reeds, swinging backward, and little willow wrens and warblers and tits hopped and chattered and chirped and worked.

The Bird World is an old-fashioned world. Birds make no fuss about doing an honest day's work, and they believe in the wholesale destruction of the world's pests. They even actually enjoy their day's work, and the little brown warbler is quite as happy in his small way as the golden oriole or kingfisher. It was pleasant to live even for a few hours in a world that knew not discontent.

But that was not all. Woodpeckers were beating tattoos on the bark in every direction, and occasionally one became visible. It was always the cardinal woodpecker, grayish in color like the bark of the Bushveld trees, with a crimson crown. A pied kingfisher flew up the river at lightning speed, and later on a hammerkop. Such a day was a beautiful gift from God.

I did not have such persistent good fortune any other day on the banks of the White Mbuluzi, but one day I saw some darling little blue-breasted waxbills, and another a pied kingfisher swoop down and capture a fish. He flew with his prize to a sandy bank, threw back his throat and swallowed the fish at a gulp. It is interesting to watch the pied kingfisher before he

pounces on his prey, hovering with rapidly moving wings for quite two minutes before he darts headlong toward the water, and then up again so swiftly that you can hardly believe he has had time to catch anything.

My second red-letter day was on the banks of the Tambukulu River. The memory of it is like a memory of Shelley or Chaikovskii. If Chaikovskii had visited Swaziland he would have written a Bird Symphony. It was early morning when I went down to the river, from which a white mist was rising. The air was sharp and yet damp, like a November day in Scotland, and at first there was no sign of life. I waited. Presently I heard a little bit of a song, all on one note, repeated at intervals. I looked up, and there was a brown-hooded kingfisher calling to his mate. By and by she came in answer to his call and perched beside him; and then the unnecessarily observant little lady saw me, turned her back, and for several minutes pretended to be a branch, while the male continued to sing. I kept quite still, but it was no good. Evidently he saw me too, for he also became silent, then flew away, his wife following. The interesting thing about the brown-hooded kingfishers is that they do not feed on fish, but on insects. They like, however, being near water, for there insects abound.

My eye next caught the sweetest little red-breasted waxbill on a branch, facing me and performing his morning toilet, puffing his feathers out as if to make the most of his diminutiveness, perhaps hoping that he might at least be taken for a tit. While fascinated, and almost afraid to move for fear of disturbing this gem of a bird, a strange wild-animal whiff reached my nostrils. I judiciously moved to a more open space, looking round warily in expectation of finding that I was myself being stalked by something. Nothing alarm-

ing appeared, but in moving through the bush I disturbed the most amazing of wonders. I felt like the countryman at the Zoo who, on seeing a giraffe for the first time, said, 'I don't believe it!'

It was a large bird, the size and shape of a gray lourie (the go-away bird), with the same crest and the same fan-shaped tail. Its plumage was black, shot with blue and green, and the underside of the wings was bright crimson. Just think of the glory and magnificence. This marvelous creature flew in a heavy, floppy way, and low down, as if trying to hide in the bush. What in the wide world could it be? In neither of my bird books was there any mention of this veritable king of the Bushveld. It was not until I was able to visit the Cape Town Museum that I found that the lordly creature was called the 'Angola Plantain-eater'—such a stupid, unimaginative name, suitable, perhaps, for a frog or rat, but for this sacred bird. . . . As bad as calling a rose 'Mrs. Grub.' I prefer to call him the 'Sultan of Tambukulu.' Underneath the specimen in the museum is the following, somewhat ungrammatical, description: 'This species was not known hitherto to occur in South Africa, but has been shot on the right banks of the Zambezi. Recorded from Angola to Tanganyika.' Of course, what the writer meant to convey was that until that particular specimen was shot on the Zambezi none had been seen so far south. Have I, then, made an interesting ornithological discovery by finding one in Swaziland? It proves, at any rate, that birds change their habitat. An interesting fact—which I learned in the museum—about this beautiful bird with the inadequate name is that the red coloring matter in his wings, called turacin, contains copper, which becomes washed out during heavy rains. I saw this glorious creature a

second time high up in the tree tops, and stalked him for some time as he flew from tree to tree, and this time was able to see the red of his wings, like a stained-glass window in the Cathedral of Chartres with the sun shining through. People who have seen these birds of the Bushveld only in pictures or in museums can have no conception of the joy of seeing their iridescent glory in their natural surroundings of bush, tree, or river, with the blue sky overhead, or in the depth of the forest green.

But my red-letter day was n't over. There on a branch, probing and prodding and dragging out insects, with no more pride than if he were a vulgar little sparrow, was a scarlet-breasted sunbird! Only the lucky few — like myself — know what that means, for such a beautiful thing would never be allowed to breed in peace near the haunts of man. Such a jewel of the Bushveld; — a ruby set in ebony, — and not too proud to eat grubs when he could n't find the honey which is his natural food. A scarlet-breasted sunbird ought not to be asked to earn his living at all, but birds are too intelligent to enjoy sloth, and only parrots enjoy being pets. Fitzsimmons describes this sunbird as 'transcending the imagination of man.'

It was on the next day that my acquaintance with the nightjar began. Walking over a rocky kopje, I was startled by a bird flying up, silently and suddenly, just at my feet. Why had n't I seen it? It alighted on another rock some twenty yards away, and I stalked him. Again he flew up in the same unexpected, exasperating way, just as I was almost close up to him. For some time we played this tantalizing game of hide-and-seek, but only once was I quick enough to spot him and have a good look. I could hardly believe the evidence of my own

eyes. Was it really a bird, or just a part of the rock? The mottled coloring was exactly that of the rock, with the light playing on it, and the nightjar was flattened out so that you could hardly tell where he began or ended, but I discovered after much concentration a round eye fixed with a stony stare upon me, and a tail standing up. I am certain no one would ever have seen him had he not known a bird was there. Every day subsequently I found the nightjar on the same rock, and every day we played our game of hide-and-seek. I only saw him plainly on one other occasion, and this time he looked like a gray stone lying haphazard on the rocks, with his tail flattened down, not perked up as before. He is the most elusive creature that ever lived, and he looked three times as big when flying as when at rest. One who knows the ways of birds said: 'He is the one bird that the natives can never kill!' The pity of it is that the natives should want to, considering all the good work he does when we are fast asleep in our beds.

One day when there was a bush fire alight a whole flock of jays came tumbling and rolling through the smoke in pursuit of the insects — a heavenly sight indeed.

Two interesting birds that we saw daily were the square-tailed and the fork-tailed drongo shrike. The fork-tailed drongo is a handsome fellow with glossy, jet-black plumage. The square-tailed bird is less glossy, with some gray in his plumage. The fork-tailed species, like the rollers, love a grass fire, and are less shy than the other.

On the banks of the Black Mbuluzi we had different experiences with birds, and I could well have spent a month there watching those that love water. First of all there was the bittern — a much smaller bird than the

English visitor, but exactly the same in form, for I have had a good look at him as he rested on the opposite bank of the river. Then he skimmed away over the water and I did not see him again. Fitzsimmons does not mention the South African bittern, and Ivy and Haagner dismiss the genus in a paragraph, describing them as 'of skulking habits, inhabiting thick reed-beds and rushes, which are in consequence but little known, and are seldom seen by the ordinary individual.'

We were much interested and puzzled by some enormous footprints in the mud-banks. When we showed them to the man who knew such things, 'Oh, these,' he said, 'are the footprints of marabou storks. They have only quite recently come to Swaziland' — to find, I hope, a sanctuary, for the great ugly things (I afterward saw one in the gardens at Lourenco Marques) are persecuted on the Nile merely because they possess a few fluffy feathers about the tail.

We also failed to see the ground hornbill, a great awkward creature which has the distinction of being the one bird possessing eyelashes.

One day I had a great surprise. Overhanging a deep pool there was a tree laden, for all the world like a gigantic Christmas tree, with the dancing and dangling nests of weaver birds, and high up in the fork was one enormous nest like a badly built haystack with a door in the middle. A ramshackle mansion, like an Irishman's castle, was this nest. When I approached — to look for crocodiles in the pool — a big owl flew out of the nest. The next day the same thing happened, but the owl this time alighted in the shade of a tree and looked at me solemnly for a few minutes. He had a snow-white face and buff-colored feathers, and I conclude he must have been a white-faced owl. But the nest puzzled me,

and again our omniscient friend of the Bushveld came to my rescue. He was skeptical at first when I told him what I had seen, but when I showed it to him he said: 'Oh, that's a hamper-kops' nest.' Fitzsimmons says that the white-faced owl often adopts the nests of other birds, although the owl I saw was altogether lighter in color than the bird the books describe as the white-faced owl.

Once I saw a flock of mouse birds clinging to a tree. At first they looked like so many dead gray leaves, but on going nearer they looked exactly like a crowd of fat little mice. This, I am sure, is how they get their name, rather than from the 'hairlike nature of their breast feathers,' as Ivy and Haagner say. Even although they are suggestive of mice, they are extremely pretty creatures, with their long, slender tails and crested heads. They also have the distinction of being peculiar to South Africa. But they are destructive little devils, loving fruit above all things. Who can blame them? There is surely enough fruit, or there ought to be, for them as well as for ourselves in the world. Daily on the shores of the river the African pied wagtail flicked his little tail, white as snow and black as jet — a very handsome darling of the riverside. We saw, too, the giant kingfisher, also black and white, as well as the pied kingfisher. I never saw anywhere so many black-and-white birds as in the Bushveld; and this is obviously protective coloring, for the trees without their leaves appear to be all black and white, unlike forest trees, which are generally brown and green.

My third red-letter day was on our return journey through the Bushveld and the Lebombo Mountains by motor car to Goba in Portuguese East Africa.

Birds, it seems, do not care a brass farthing for a motor car, any more than

the game do. They even showed a very lively interest, amounting almost to defiance, in us. We saw hundreds of hornbills, red- and yellow-billed. They would fly alongside and alight on a branch ahead, waiting for us to pass, and staring as if we were royalty. Once we were honored by a black-and-white eagle treating us in the same manner.

Whole flocks of glossy starlings also flew alongside — such beautiful creatures, their plumage shot with blue, purple, and green. Flocks, too, we saw of busy little fellows with wings and head brown and back of bright blue. I have not been able to place these treasures of the Bushveld.

But the best was yet to come, for on a branch close to the road sat, without any self-consciousness, a lilac-breasted roller! The bird was about fourteen inches in length, green and blue and

brown, with a purplish lilac — almost pink — breast. Farther on we saw another one flying away — a beautiful *Nunc Dimittis* to the Bushveld.

Birds are a symbol of joy and aspiration. They are the happiest as well as the most beautiful of living things. For the sake of the beauty and joy we so sadly need, let us pray that modern civilization, with its noise and smoke and ugliness, may stay its destructive hand yet awhile and leave the Bushveld as a sanctuary for the birds. Perhaps the day may even come when men will be enlightened enough to enjoy, without that fatal desire to destroy in order to possess which is at the root of all evil.

There have been sun-worshipers in the world. If there has been no cult of bird-worship, we have adopted our idea of angels from 'God's jocund lyttel fowles.'

A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY BOOK LOVER¹

BY CHARLES H. LEA

ONE of the most interesting side-paths of literature is that which is opened up by the problem of what were the 'twenty bookës i-clad in blak and reede' which Chaucer's Oxford Scholar would rather have at his bed's head than rich robes and musical instruments. One of the books that the clerk would certainly have wished for was Richard de Bury's *Philobiblon*, or *Love of Books*.

Professor Skeat gave the probable date of the famous Canterbury Pilgrimage as 1387, and Dr. Koch placed it two

years earlier. Whichever is right, the fact remains that the *Love of Books* had been written and published on January 24, 1345. It follows that the Oxford clerk would have heard of it, even if he had not been fortunate enough to see it. If he had not seen it, it was his own fault, for, in his lifetime, Richard de Bury was always willing to welcome genuine lovers of books, and after his death his books were placed at the disposal of scholars in various monastic libraries.

The author is rarely so important as his work; and in this case the life of

¹ From *English Review* (London Conservative monthly), June

de Bury, although interesting to the historian, is not so to the student of literature. Beyond saying that he was loyal to Queen Isabella and the young Prince of Wales when Edward II sought to impose his will upon them, and that when the young prince became Edward III he did not forget Richard, nothing need be added about his rise from student to High Chancellor of England.

It is as a book lover that Richard de Bury is memorable. He was more than a book lover; he was a book worshiper; he sang of books as the poet sings of love, and the language which he used was almost euphuistic in its extravagance. Books, according to Richard, are 'wells of living water'; 'golden urns in which manna is laid up, or rather indeed honeycombs'; 'the four-streamed river of Paradise, where the human mind is fed, and the arid intellect moistened and watered'; 'the golden vessels of the temple, the arms of the clerical militia, with which the missiles of the most wicked are destroyed, fruitful olives, vines of Engedi, fig trees knowing no sterility, burning lamps to be ever held in the hand.'

One is not surprised to learn that he had more books than all the other English bishops put together, nor that he had a separate library at each of his residences. There is, too, a modern touch in the complaint made by one of his friends, that so many books lay about his bedchamber that it was difficult to stand or move without treading on them.

Appropriately enough, the prologue to the *Love of Books* contains a lament regarding the impeded studies of poor scholars. When one reads that certain students 'with poverty only as their stepmother' are repelled from books when they have only had a sip of the nectar, and so become more thirsty by the taste, Chaucer's Oxford clerk leaps

to the mind immediately. One hopes that his fate was better than that of many whom the good Bishop knew, 'who returned to the mechanical arts solely to gain a livelihood, to the loss of the Church and the degradation of the whole clergy.'

In the prologue, too, Richard explained that his ecstatic love had carried him away so powerfully that he had resigned all thoughts of other worldly things, and had given himself up to a passion for acquiring books. His book was written, he said, to explain and justify his excess of zeal. His reasons were admirable, and have lost none of their pith with the passing of six centuries. 'In books,' he cried, 'I find the dead as if they are alive; in books I foresee things to come; in books warlike affairs are set forth; from books come forth the laws of peace.' One of his great points was that truth — which triumphs over all things, even over kings, wine, and women — is preserved in perfection between the covers of books. Books, too, teach without punishment, never lose temper, never deride the struggling seeker after knowledge; and 'above all, 'books delight us when prosperity smiles upon us; they comfort us inseparably when stormy fortune frowns on us.'

Aristotle once explained why the ancients bestowed prizes for athletic skill but gave no reward to wisdom. The explanation was that in gymnastic contests the prize was greater than the thing which won it, but in exhibitions of wisdom the prize could never equal the height of the mental power which had triumphed over all competitors. Richard argued from this that in exactly the same manner books were more precious than riches — a statement with which Chaucer's clerk obviously agreed. And again, because we owe honor and affection to our human teachers, so we owe honor and

affection to those silent teachers, books. It seemed to Richard that 'whoever claims to be zealous of truth, of happiness, of wisdom, or knowledge, aye, even of faith, must needs become a lover of books.'

In the fourteenth century, as now, the question of the price of books agitated scholars. Richard declared that no dearness of price ought to hinder a man from the buying of books, and those of us who hug the dreaded secret to our breasts that often we have spent our dinner money at the little secondhand bookseller's in the High Street can breathe with relief, for we are in good company.

Richard repeated the story of the Sibylline oracles as a warning against those who refused to buy books when they had the opportunity, and also anathematized those clergymen who neglected books and learning. Apparently the clergy of those days, like the sporting parsons of the eighteenth century, turned their libraries into dens for their dogs; but possibly Richard went a little too far when he added remarks about 'that biped beast whose cohabitation with the clergy was forbidden of old.' His chief complaint against that 'biped beast,' woman, seems to have been that she sometimes spied a book lying in a corner covered with cobwebs and dust, and that she sought to convert it into money for 'rich caps, sendal, and silk, and twice-dyed purple.'

A love of books implies a care for their welfare, and in the *Philobiblon* much stress is laid upon the sufferings through which a neglected book passes. Not only do its limbs lie unstrung by palsy, but its native whiteness turns to a jaundiced tinge. A book was at the mercy of every copier, who could alter words to square with his own convictions and who could even affix his own name in the place of the real author.

There were no copyright laws in the fourteenth century; neither was there any need for a translator to respect the text he was transcribing. Hence there was justification for the lament that 'all propriety of speech is lost, and our sense is shamefully mutilated contrary to the meaning of the author.'

This Carlyle of his day was eloquent in his denunciations of all kinds of book users, and book neglectors. The monks were scathingly rebuked for preferring to empty cups rather than to emend books, and for taking up the bow and quiver, embracing arms and the shield, devoting alms to their dogs and not to the poor, and for becoming the slaves of dice and draughts. The mendicants were accused of using books, not as real aids to the saving of souls, but 'for tickling the ears of the listeners'; war makers were condemned for being instrumental in destroying all the records of the wisdom of the ancients; and the students of the universities were reproached for treating books carelessly.

These students were so negligent of books that the good book-lover devoted a whole chapter to their iniquities. His description of the typical scholar of his time makes amusing reading: 'You may happen to see some headstrong youth lazily lounging over his studies, and when the winter's frost is sharp, his nose running from the nipping cold drips down, nor does he think of wiping it with his pocket handkerchief until he has bedewed the book before him with the ugly moisture.' We can all echo the book lover's wish: 'Would that he had before him no book, but a cobbler's apron!'

Further description of the scholar is: 'His nails are stuffed with fetid filth as black as jet, with which he marks any passage that pleases him.' The modern book vandal, turning down the corners of pages and wetting his finger to turn

over a page, is virtuous compared with one who marked passages with a dirty thumb-nail. In the Bishop's time straw was cast on the floor in lieu of mats, and it appears that the ingenious scholar made it his habit to pick up these straws and use them as bookmarks. In addition he did not scruple to eat and drink over an open book, to the consequent ruin of whole pages; and when he argued, he damped 'the book lying half open in his lap with sputtering showers.' In hot weather the scholar used his wet and perspiring hands to turn over the leaves, and thumped the white vellum with his dusty gloves. 'At the sting of the biting flea the sacred book is flung aside and is hardly shut for another month until it is so full of dust that it resists the effort to close it.'

The schoolboy through the centuries has not altered, for then, as now, books were ornamented with grotesque figures — probably the beloved man swinging on a gibbet, or lying with a dagger through his heart. There is, too, a modern ring about the plea: 'Nor let a crying child admire the pictures in the capital letters lest he soil the parchment with wet fingers; for a child instantly touches whatever he sees.' The dirty kitchen scullion was forbidden to handle the lily-white leaves of the parchment, and a sly dig was administered to the clergy in the sentence: 'The cleanliness of decent hands would be of great benefit to books, as well as to scholars, if it were not that the itch and the pimples are characteristic of the clergy.'

This early library formed by Richard de Bury demanded more alertness than a modern library. In those days publishers did not send copies to the bigger libraries, nor did the libraries have special funds for the purchase of books. Richard explained some of the difficulties he had overcome in his lifelong search for good books. He also explained that his position in the Court

had been of great assistance to him. The news of his desire for books spread rapidly, and, added Richard slyly, 'it was more easy for a man to gain our favour by means of books than of money.' By the King's permission and authority he was able to open long-forgotten chests at monasteries and private dwellings, and he rescued many books from litter of mice and the gnawings of worms. His travels on the Continent brought him extra books from friends, and admirers, and suitors, and dealers; his charity to the wandering friars inspired them to keep on the lookout for treasures in out-of-the-way places; and a large staff of copiers was employed to transcribe those books which were only lent to him.

These books were not collected merely for the sake of possession. They were not hoarded up as a miser hoards gold; they were collected for the common benefit of scholars. Some disgruntled contemporaries evidently accused Richard of possessing excess of curiosity, of exhibiting vanity, and of having a fanatic delight in literature. Richard replied that he had made the collecting of books his life work because he wished to help those who had no access to books, and having made his apology he maliciously wondered whether his detractors would 'have praised and commended us, if we had spent our time in hunting, dice playing, or courting the ladies.'

His manner of lending his books was simple and efficient. Five scholars were appointed in charge of the library, and three at least had to be present when a book was lent. Full particulars of the date of the loan and the address of the borrower were entered in a record book, and all borrowers had to leave a deposit, more than the value of the book, which was refunded on return. No book could be taken outside the walls of the University unless the library

owned a copy of it in addition to the borrowed one, and no borrowed book could be lent to anyone else except with the knowledge and authority of the librarian. There was no time limit for the use of a book; all that Richard insisted upon was that once a year the borrower should show the librarian that the volume was in good condition. Any profit that might accrue to the librarians was to be used for the repair and maintenance of the books.

Richard's library after his death went to Durham College, until that college was dissolved by Henry VIII. Some of the books then went to Duke Humphrey's library, some to Balliol College, some to George Owen, the King's physician, and some were sold by his executors.

Among the people who, according to Richard de Bury, were unfit to touch books were many of the kind who to-day have no love for literature. Richard summed them up by quoting from the introductory verses to the *Politicon* of John of Salisbury:—

No iron stained hand is fit to handle books,
Nor he whose heart on gold so gladly looks;
The same men love not books and money both,
And books thy herd, O Epicurus, loathe;
Misers and bookmen make poor company,
Nor dwell in peace beneath the same roof tree.

No English translation of the Latin original of the *Philobiblon* was made until 1832, and no accurate translation was issued until E. C. Thomas published *The Philobiblon of Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, Treasurer and Chancellor of Edward III* in 1888. In the first chapter Richard de Bury said: 'The book that he has made renders the author this service in return, that so long as the book survives, its author remains immortal and cannot die.'

This is certainly true of Richard de Bury, of whom it may be said that as long as book lovers exist, as long as books are printed and treasured, so long will the memory of the perfect book-lover be kept green in the hearts of all who worship at the shrine of the printed word.

SPORT TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

HOW 'CALL BOY' WON THE DERBY¹

BY ARNOLD HÖLLRIEGEL

THREE hours before the Derby, I am sitting near a white-haired man and a sunburned boy in my reserved place in Row L of the newly erected grand stand at Epsom. I am occupying a grotesque little wooden seat, to which I am entitled for all of Derby Week because I have paid eight pounds sterling

¹ From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Berlin Liberal daily), June 9

to witness this exhibit of megalomania. The situation is excellent. On my right is the pavilion where the King is to be enthroned, and in front of me stretch the green race-track and the open field, all half concealed in a light fog that invests the scene with an air of unreality like a very modern piece of Breughel weaving. The Gobelin tapestry before me is of a peculiar kind, for it is a Gobelin with automobiles woven into it, black private automobiles and scarlet motor buses, ten thousand or a hundred thousand — I don't know how

many. They are parked around the grand stand and by the side of the race-track, and rows of seats are erected upon them. Autos, autos, autos, all clean and shiny, standing on the bright green turf; and among them, around them, between them, swarms of faces can be seen moving in a mist of red. A quarter of a million people seen in this way do not look black, but red.

In front of me, between where I am sitting and the race-track, thousands of individuals are scattered. They are dressed for the occasion, in top hats and tail coats. The women wear Parisian styles. Many of the people on the broad open stretch in front of the grand stand are grouped about single figures who wave their arms and shout.

The longer I listen, the more I feel a kind of rhythm. The crowd seems to be singing something that sounds like the surf of the ocean, with a refrain, repeated louder and louder each time, 'Call Boy!'

It becomes so distracting that I finally put a newspaper between myself and the throng. It is a popular sheet that all London reads, and it contains nothing but the Derby. What if England has broken off relations with Russia, or if she is in trouble in China and Egypt, or if an important by-election is being held to-day? Make light of all seriousness!

Call Boy hurt his right forefoot getting out of his railway car, but Call Boy is all right now.

His Highness Agha Khan, the horse-fancying Indian potentate, has announced that Call Boy ought to be made the favorite.

Lord Derby has given a tip at a press dinner — Call Boy.

That is the refrain that I hear from the roar of the crowd, the cries of book-makers, the song of all London — Call Boy, the name of the favorite.

But, says my newspaper, although all the great experts are so sure that Call Boy will win, how much can anyone really know? Many people feel differently, have different hunches.

There is her ladyship Mary, Countess of Queensberry. Yesterday she had an inspiration, a typical woman's idea — Stampede was sure to win! Lady Queensberry is on the inside. All London knows it, and all London rushes to the telephone and bets on the one mare in the race.

The newspaper runs a whole column of other fancies and hunches. One reader says he dreamed of the moon and therefore put his money on Lord Derby's Sickle, which obviously represented the crescent moon. A Lindbergh enthusiast bet on Lady Porrington's Lone Knight. The lone knight who sailed through the air on the greatest adventure of our time must surely possess some significance.

There is a long time to wait before the race begins, and I decide to leave my seat and go on a voyage of discovery. I find a buffet lunch in a kind of cellar below the stand, where a beautiful girl with a champagne complexion presides. I see her face between two light-gray top hats pressed close to her.

I then go out and look at the automobiles, where I find the great hero himself. Captain Lindbergh finds himself wedged between the machines, and cannot get to his host, Lord Lonsdale, from whose box he will see the Derby. Flying across the Atlantic was comparatively safe, but to cross the street near the Derby stands is another matter. Henceforth Captain Lindbergh will know what real danger is.

Now cheers break out as the seven royal automobiles draw up. Presently the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the whole Royal Family are in the big pavilion, but I can only see

the shine of their silk hats, one of which must cover the many-crowned head of George V. He also has surely bet on Call Boy, for this monarch always does at the proper time what all the best Englishmen are doing.

I now return to my seat between a Japanese lady and a young gentleman who must work on a fashion magazine, to judge from his long black coat and plaid socks. The fog has lifted a little and it is going to be the first pleasant Derby in four years.

By this time the noise and confusion of the mob are overpowering. It is not like a great arena on the Continent, for the scene embraces a whole landscape of people. Bright colors abound, especially in the open fields, where the bookies have set up their gaudy stands and where numberless bright-red auto buses are parked. Seats were engaged in these auto buses months ago — from two to five pounds for the round trip, including a cold lunch in the car, and standing room from a point of vantage during the race. Many auto buses arrived as long ago as yesterday evening, and the occupants spent the night here in them. A little farther away stands the romantic encampment of English gypsies, who always turn up at Epsom for Derby Day. But most of the gypsy carts are automobiles! In one part of this camp a merry-go-round has been set up.

How many people are here? A quarter of a million, perhaps, though this figure may be an exaggeration.

Suddenly something dawns on me: of all these spectators I am the only one to whom the outcome of the race is a matter of indifference; it is all the same to me which horse wins the Derby. My sense of loneliness makes me shiver.

Until to-day — and I crave pardon for it — I have never been to a horse race. The man for me is the Shah of Persia who said, 'I know that of several

horses one runs the fastest, but I do not care which one it is.' For my own part, I have only a vague suspicion of what a bookmaker is, and if I wanted to bet I should not know how to go about it.

But as I sit listening to this murmuring, singing crowd raising in chorus a pæan of 'Call Boy, Call Boy!' I realize, and with reverence, that although I am an unbeliever I must respect this peculiar religious cult. To these men it is not a matter of pounds and shillings, but of something higher, more metaphysical. True, they want to win money, but above and beyond that they want to feel in the right; they want to have guessed correctly, to have dreamed aright, to have seen into the future. There is not a voice in all this din that is not praying to be justified: 'O Sickle!' 'O Lone Knight!' 'O Stampede!' 'O Call Boy, Call Boy!'

Please understand that I do not mean to give the impression that I find myself in a nation of horse worshipers. All these people are merely praying to the spirit that dwells in each of them.

Just before the beginning of the big race I catch myself praying too. At this instant I see a wonderful old man, something like King Edward, wearing white gaiters and slowly walking across the race course all alone. I pray that I may live long enough to attain his incomprehensible dignity, so that one look at me will make the Bobby step aside, salute, and allow me to cross the track. Never shall I know who that old gentleman is, but I do know one thing — he is the only man in the world I envy.

The clock strikes. Before I can turn my head from right to left the whole Derby has trotted past to the starting line. Then far, far away I see a number of horses beginning to run in a faint white cloud of dust. A stillness and tenseness that terrify me fall upon the crowd, and around me I am only aware

of a reddish mist from which no one face emerges clearly, while over us all hangs the sacrificial smoke of a quarter of a million pipes, cigars, and cigarettes, like the burnt offerings of a great religious service. Then the ghostlike horses with their brightly colored riders sweep past — they are no more real than the wooden horses on the merry-go-round in the distance.

I feel my heart beating and I go ice-cold all over. Yet I am still indifferent as to which horse wins! Ahead of them all, mounted by his jockey in black and white, runs Call Boy. Next comes Hot Night, and then Shian Mor.

'Call Boy!' roars the chorus. They thought so; they knew it; they bet that way. Great is the god that inspired each individual soul.

'Call Boy!'

Last of all, at the end of the procession, comes Lady Queensberry's favorite. The noble lady must do something about her system of hunches. She must cultivate her interior life; then will her inner voice speak to her more clearly.

A moment later I witness a scene that moves me. The owner of Call Boy, Mr. Frank Curzon, his face ashen gray under an ashen-gray top hat, leads his victorious horse by the bridle to the paddock, while two friends support him on either side. Mr. Curzon is shattered. It is hoped that his pleasure will help him to bear up, but he has undergone a sharp experience. His hopes were not ill-founded; he has seen his three-year-old stallion Call Boy, the son of another Derby winner, Hurry On, and the brother of two or three more Derby winners, not only win, but win in record time, a time that has not been equaled during the one hundred and fourteen years that the Derby has been in existence.

Some joyful sprite inside me is saying, 'Human life has a meaning after all — it has a meaning.'

Then, thanks to my rare acrobatic skill, I board an auto that rushes me to the railway station, right to the very first of all the trains that will be running from now on at five-minute intervals to Victoria Station; and all the while I reflect that horse racing has sense to it. In any event, the splendid horse Call Boy, whether the animal is a national godhead or not, won the race because of the lash of a whip just at the moment that Hot Night threatened to pass him at the corner. Ten thousand or a hundred thousand automobiles, with their great dead eyes, had been made to realize what a fine thing a four-legged horse still is. Not for nothing did the original horse start evolving, according to Darwin's theory, at the beginning of time; and the race of horses is not going to end in mincemeat or give way to automobiles, for the horse of all horses, Call Boy, sired by Hurry On out of Comédienne, is being publicly honored and celebrated in the biggest city in the British Empire on the day of the record Derby — to-day!

The whipping, I reflect, must have done him a little harm. But were not all the loud-speakers in the world saying, 'Call Boy'? What is a stroke of the whip compared to immortality?

I travel back to the city of London, in whose streets the very stones are repeating the name of Call Boy this evening. It is a great and impressive town, and, whatever one may say, is the capital of an unusually able race.

CROWDS AND ENTHUSIASM²

BY VICTOR MERIC

EVERYONE knows that, when the hardy American aviator Lindbergh had succeeded in crossing the Atlantic and was about to land at Le Bourget, the

² From *Cyrano* (Paris humorous political weekly), June 5

fever. Five hundred thousand fanatics were massed around the aviation field. An army, commanded by a marshal, faced them. The battle began long before the aviator appeared in the air. It was ferocious.

The ground was piled high with the dead and dying. Blood flowed everywhere. But the crowd would not yield. And when, at evening, the rumor started that the aviator was arriving, such an assault followed that the troops gave way.

The hero had just landed, wreathed in smiles. He felt himself being lifted up, then thrown upon the ground and stepped on. He wanted to cry out, to implore mercy; but the crowd did not

reason. Enthusiasm reached such a point that he was torn to pieces, and everyone wanted to carry away a bleeding relic.

When night fell, a parade of furious fools could be seen by torchlight carrying the head of their hero on a pike, as in the sinister days of the great Revolution.

The next day the newspapers commented on what had happened, and explained that the aviator was more than a hero — he was a god. And someone remarked that in the course of centuries crowds of human beings had always treated in this way the gods who fell among them from the skies above.

ULYSSES' BOW

BY HUGH McDIARMID

[From *The Lucky Bag*]

'Hugh McDiarmid is much the most original and vital of Scottish poets — I think, indeed, the best since Burns.' — IRISH STATESMAN

BETTER violer never screeded on a silken coord
Or kittled a cat's tripes wi' s finger-en's,
But the lift is yalla as biest milk,
And the eagle roosts wi' the hens,
And the licht o' life is lourd,
And the voices nocht but men's.

My hert strings werena broken — then why 's he gane
And left them when he canna fin' their marrow
— a clairach made for his playin',
A warld to mak' a star o'! —
To the fickless fingers o' sunlicht
Or the lichtnin's random arrow?

SPORT TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

Parisian crowd, overcome with a kind of delirium, almost killed him. The hero found himself being torn limb from limb, raised on frenzied shoulders, rocked on waves that were quite as redoubtable in their own way as those of the vast ocean. If he had slipped he would have been overwhelmed by the human sea and suffocated. During this time the same crowd threw itself upon his machine and tried to tear it to pieces. Nothing short of armed intervention could save the aviator and his plane.

The enthusiasm aroused by an unprecedented exploit produces singular effects indeed!

A few days later Lindbergh took to the air again, crossed the Channel, and flew to London. The hundred thousand people who awaited his arrival leaped upon him with shouts of joy. The unfortunate flyer was frightened. He had to rise in the air again for safety's sake. But when he finally decided to descend and actually landed, the crowd, completely drunk, rushed upon him like a torrent, which the policemen tried to stem. A battle followed. The wounded were carried away, covered with blood. As for his machine, it was seriously damaged.

But even this was nothing to the greeting that Lindbergh's compatriots reserved for him. Having escaped from the London crowds, the hero took ship for home, and arrived in New York a few days later. The whole town boiled over. No sooner had the aviator shown the tip of his nose than a terrific uproar broke loose. All the barriers were broken. The unfortunate man was seized upon and passed from hand to hand like a balloon. In vain he begged for mercy — the pitiless crowd refused to let him go.

Lindbergh's prowess, however, provoked emulation and encouraged numerous imitators. Durand, a young

mechanic of twenty and a child of the people, decided to cross the Atlantic from the other side and to succeed where Nungesser and Coli had failed. He departed one fine morning when the weather was mild, and exactly twenty-four hours later arrived in New York.

This time it was more than delirium. All records were broken. The American public received the courageous pilot with such ardent demonstrations of love that he had to be carried off to a clinic with a broken arm.

When he had recovered he took passage on a steamer. He landed at Bordeaux in the midst of an excited multitude that shouted for nothing short of carrying him to Paris in relays. Thanks to measures for the preservation of order taken by the authorities, he emerged from this stage of the adventure almost unscathed. But at Paris!

At Paris it was unprecedented. Durand had decided to come from Bordeaux to the capital by airplane. When he was sighted at Le Bourget the masses of the populace and the troops who were to preserve order engaged in a regular combat. At one time people thought it was a revolution. At length the soldiers were victorious. But the aviator, his head and chest covered with bruises and one leg broken, was put in the hands of a competent surgeon, who endeavored to repair the effects of a destructive enthusiasm. As for the airplane, not a trace of it could be found.

But the climax was the wild exploit of a kid of eighteen, who conceived the project of going around the world in an airplane. He left from Paris, crossed the Atlantic, flew over the United States, traversed the Pacific, passed over Japan, and a few days later landed at Le Bourget again.

This time it was a case of collective

BUSINESS ABROAD

ACCORDING to the *Economist*, a perusal of British trade statistics for the six months since the settlement of the coal strike shows that 'the volume of trade activity has more than regained the magnitude of last spring, and, in some cases, is greater than at any period since the war. Although external commerce is slow in picking up, coal, iron, and steel have regained the level of a year ago; while the shipments of electrical goods, chemicals, and leather exceed last year's best monthly averages.' This optimism must be qualified in respect to coal mining. Whether viewed from the market aspect or the labor standpoint, this industry is admittedly in a bad way. Public opinion was shocked when France suddenly placed an embargo on coal imports, alleging that she had two million tons accumulated at her own pit-heads and must discharge her miners if the surplus was not absorbed. We have already reported the recent reduction of miners' wages in that country, almost simultaneously with an increase in the wages of German miners. Mr. Keynes's paper, the *Nation and Athenæum*, takes a gloomy view of the British outlook, asserting: 'We must expect production to fall, collieries to close, unemployment to increase, and wages to be forced down to the minima.' *Black Spot* The *Labor Daily Herald*, looking at the question from the standpoint of the miners, is equally pessimistic: 'The mad competition of the owners, which has been more marked in the world trade and as between district and district, has now spread to within the districts themselves. A death struggle is taking place between the good and

the bad pits. Those with more modern plants and higher productive capacity are working full time and underselling their neighbors who are only able to work a day or two and are on the verge of closing down. . . . Wealthy owners strive to purchase and secure control of the better of the weaker pits, and a definite move toward trustification exists in the industry, with a ruthless disregard for the conservation of coal resources and employment conditions.'

British statistics seem to prove that the operators won a Pyrrhic victory in the last strike. Production per worker employed has sunk within three months from 5.26 tons to 4.91 tons, while the export world price of coal has fallen within four months from 25s. 6d. a ton to 18s. 6d. a ton. In fact, the coal output of the Continental countries is increasing faster than that of Great Britain. Germany leads in this expansion, followed by France, Belgium, and Poland. Meanwhile France is not the only country restricting coal imports. Spain has limited the use of foreign coal by decree to fifteen per cent on her railways, twenty per cent in electric power stations, and fifty per cent in metallurgical works, and allows it to be used on only a few of her fastest naval vessels. Italy's programme of hydroelectric development, which is being carried forward rapidly, is designed with the same object. France's coal output has risen, on account of the reëquipment and reorganization of her mines, from forty million tons to fifty-two million tons. Her embargo is naturally criticized by her own coal importers and fuel-using industrialists, especially her ironmasters, who fear that their export

trade will be upset. The British coke trade has been hit hardest by foreign competition. German coke is still selling in England, and exports have declined by fifty per cent. Notwithstanding these gloomy features in the situation, however, the Welsh Anthracite Collieries, Ltd., organized last year to buy up a large group of mines in South Wales, has just increased its capital in order to add to its holdings, which already embrace reserves estimated to contain eighty-nine million tons. Neither do the Coöperative Wholesalers despair of the industry, for they have just purchased a large block of shares in one of the largest colliery groups in Lancashire.

Anglo-Russian Trade
 Apropos of the break with Russia, the *Nation and Athenæum* points out that the volume of Britain's direct trade with that country was twice as large as her trade with either Brazil or Japan, fifty million dollars more than that with Sweden, and twenty-five million dollars more than that with Italy. Between 1921 and 1925, the last year for which figures are available, England's business with the Soviet Federation increased from thirty million dollars to two hundred and twenty million dollars. Belfast's manufacturers, although they probably damn the Russian Reds more vigorously than the average Britisher, view the Government's action with mixed feelings, for their linen mills get three fifths of the flax they use from the Bolshevik dominions. Russo-Asiatic Consolidated, the great pre-war British development company in Russia, has resigned itself to a reduction of capital of from about forty-five million dollars to ten million dollars, apparently having lost all hope of recovering its large mining properties and concessions in the Urals and Siberia. Among its 'assets' is a claim for more than one quarter of a

billion dollars against the Soviet Government for confiscated rights and properties.

Although less than one half of Great Britain's blast furnaces are in operation, — one hundred and eighty-three out of four hundred and sixty-four, — her output of steel is one third greater than before the war. Moreover, it is produced by forty-four thousand fewer workers.

Installment buying upon the plan originated in America is making rapid strides abroad. About one half of the motor cars, more than one half of the furniture, one half of the agricultural implements, seventy per cent of the sewing machines, and fifty per cent of the pianos sold in Great Britain are paid for under this plan. According to figures submitted by the Hire-Traders Protection Association in London, losses resulting from defaults in hire-purchase contracts are less than two per cent of the total amount involved. Certain insurance companies have entered this sphere of credit accommodation. In the Netherlands and in Switzerland the movement is making progress, and it has grown with great rapidity in Germany. In all those countries financing institutions have been organized to take care of business of this sort.

London Company Reports
 The Fine Cotton Spinners' and Doublers' Association, Ltd., a British enterprise operating spinning mills in Great Britain and France, and owning plantations in Mississippi, made a net profit for 1926 of approximately two and one-half million dollars, which enabled it to pay eight per cent dividends on its common stock and five per cent on its preferred stock. Nevertheless, the chairman declared in his last report: 'We are not to-day able to produce our goods as cheaply as our competitors abroad, with a result that

in almost every case they are able to work up to the limit of the machinery, the capital, and the labor they have at their disposal, any shortage of demand being thrown to this country.' A short legal working day, relatively high wages, excessive taxation, the great cost of social services, and 'the heavy cost of transit and of many commodities used in our mills through the effect of high wages in the sheltered industries,' are held responsible for this. Among the competitors specifically mentioned are our Southern mills in America, which on account of long hours and low wages are able, 'not only to take the trade of the mills in the Northern states, but also to take a part of our trade in neutral markets, and even to export yarn into our home market.' British Control Oil Fields, Ltd., to which we have referred previously in these columns, has published its first report by the new board of directors in place of the report drawn up by the old board which failed of approval at the meeting held in Montreal last February. The new report, however, comes in for even more scathing criticism than the old one. 'The *Times* says, 'In view of the Company's history, most people will prefer the financial conservatism of the old board to the liberalism of the new,' and adds that 'much will obviously have to be done before the Company is in a sound financial position, and its property thoroughly proved.' Recent plantation reports covering the production of several million pounds of rubber in the Malay States and the East Indies record costs of from sixteen to eighteen cents a pound, and sales in the local market at between forty and forty-five cents a pound. Coffee selling for eighteen dollars and fifty cents a hundredweight was produced for fourteen dollars a hundredweight, and tea commanding thirty cents the half-kilo costs about twenty cents to put in the mar-

ket. Although British breweries continue to pay high profits, on account of rapidly mounting prices, the quantity of beer, ale, and stout brewed in the United Kingdom has fallen off one third since 1907. Meanwhile the production of spirits has almost trebled.

The importance of preferential duties for British trade may be gathered from the last financial report of the Minister of Finance in New Zealand, who announces an unanticipated surplus in customs revenues approaching three million dollars. This windfall is ascribed entirely to the higher duties collected on foreign goods during the period when British manufacturers were unable to make deliveries on account of the coal strike.

The Bank of France has purchased gold to the value of sixty million dollars or more in the New York *France's* and London markets. This *Full* represents a conversion of *Stocking* part of its dollar and pound-sterling exchange, which amounted to three hundred million dollars or more and was acquired to protect the franc, into demand deposits — as much of the gold in question is still held abroad. Wall Street, which has a surplus of gold, welcomes the operation, but England, whose gold reserve is smaller than that of France, regards it as an attack on the pound sterling, and blames it for dearer credit in Great Britain. Mr. Keynes thinks France has simply cashed in her international trade balance, since her exports exceeded her imports during the first four months of the year by nearly seven hundred million francs. The *Economist* estimates the gold, dollar credits, and other cash equivalents in the possession of the French Treasury at over eight hundred million dollars. Yet the Paris correspondent of the *Saturday Review* asserts that the Treasury has struck off one billion's worth of bills weekly to balance the

average of one billion which it has reimbursed to the Bank of France. All these measures are designed to keep speculators from boosting the franc, which the Government evidently intends to hold at its present level, since further appreciation might check industrial activity and invite a subsequent reaction. The Paris Bourse was depressed in sympathy with the panic on the Berlin Exchange. Mining shares, moreover, have been affected by the accumulation of coal stocks at the pit-heads, which calls for restriction of output despite the reduction of wages and governmental measures to encourage sales in Western and Southwestern France against British competition.

The Chamber has rejected Poincaré's proposal to turn over the match monopoly to the Swedish company. Three members of the Cabinet, Herriot, Painlevé, and Queille, voted against the bill, which was defeated by a heavy majority, amid loud cheers from the Radicals, Socialists, and Communists. These parties believe that monopolies should be vested in the State and not in private corporations, and objected to the eighty-million-dollar loan which was to accompany the transaction, which, they argued, should be raised in the ordinary way if actually needed, instead of being secured by the receipts from the monopoly.

The German financial press records a slow recovery of the Bourse from last May's panic — accompanied by some relapses, but nevertheless reassuring in the main. An average shrinkage of twenty-three per cent in quotations probably represents roughly speculative overvaluation. Some business men, however, regard present prices as below true values in view of the sound progress of German industry. Among other evidences of this progress is the increased consumption of metals.

Within a year copper consumption has risen from twenty-seven thousand tons to forty-eight thousand tons, lead consumption from seventeen thousand tons to twenty-seven thousand tons, and zinc consumption from thirteen thousand tons to twenty-nine thousand tons, although consumption in America has fallen off from five to ten per cent during the same period. Cotton spinners are sold out for from six to seven months ahead, and weavers for from three to four months. Both are profiting by the elimination of Alsace and Lorraine competition in the domestic market. Wool manufacturers are also sold out well ahead, with heavy orders for autumn and winter goods. The operating surplus of German railways increased from one hundred and eighteen million marks in 1925 to eight hundred and sixty million marks in 1926. The daily output of coal in the Ruhr fell from four hundred and twenty-two thousand tons in January to three hundred and eighty thousand tons in April, but the output of pig iron, steel, and rolling mills products has increased by about one half since a year ago. Machinery manufacturers also report improving business in all branches except agricultural implements. On the other hand, the Stock Exchange collapse has checked real-estate sales and lessened the demand for luxury goods, particularly motor cars; and some big corporations, which intended to increase their capital and therefore wanted to keep their shares at high levels, have had their plans for further expansion disarranged. Financial Germany has been divided over banking policy. The Reichsbank and the 'Big D' banks stood fast for a low bank rate, restriction of credit, and discouraging an inflow of foreign capital, while brokers, municipal borrowers, and many big manufacturers wanted the bank rate raised and foreign capital encouraged.

The latter, who have won their point, admit that they will have to pay Yankee lenders high interest, but argue that money borrowed abroad can be so profitably utilized that interest rates are of relatively small importance.

Business in the Netherlands, which has never quite recovered from the peace slump, shows signs of picking up. During the first quarter of the present year her unfavorable balance of trade declined by forty-seven million florins as compared with the corresponding quarter of 1926, largely on account of an increase of exports. Amsterdam is an important money market, and has been lending freely to France since Germany has ceased to be an active borrower. Since early in the year the City of Paris and various French public utilities have obtained fifteen million dollars or more from her bankers on seven-per-cent loans floated at a discount at from three to five points. Business continues to improve in Poland. The number of unemployed has declined by one third since a year ago, and the textile industry is exceptionally prosperous, partly on account of large orders from Rumania in anticipation of higher duties there. Poland's coal output did not, like that of the Ruhr, fall off after the termination of the British strike, because increased home consumption compensated for the decline in exports. *Der Deutsche Volkswirt* considers Britain's break with Moscow 'a serious economic and financial blow for Russia. She cannot parry it by conciliation and concessions, on account of Communist opposition. The Soviet theory of economics and government is too narrow to allow free movement in such a crisis. Moscow was on the point of bettering its relations with several governments which had not yet recognized it, and this will now be delayed, if not prevented entirely. Never-

theless, Britain's action will not weaken the Soviet Government a particle, nor loosen Stalin's hold upon the Government. The only harm the English have done Russia is to prolong stagnation there — to the injury of all parties concerned.' Indeed, some imagine that the present administration at the Kremlin has been strengthened by the incident, for it has served as an excuse for Stalin and his confrères to take stern action against their domestic enemies. They have issued a sharply worded decree withdrawing from their State Foreign Trade Commissions all claim to diplomatic immunity and extraterritorial rights, thus preventing their becoming coverts to hide Third International agents secretly intriguing in the interest of the Zinoviev-Trotskii Opposition. Russian crop prospects are more promising than they were one year ago, although insufficient moisture presaging a possible drought is reported along the Lower Volga and in the North Caucasus. Reversing recent tendencies in the United States, grain prices have fallen in buying power as compared with those of manufactured goods.

Mussolini's method of reducing wages and prices to correspond to the rising value of the lira seems to have produced results. In *Italy* Milan nearly thirty-five hundred shop inspections were made within two weeks to assure that lower prices scheduled were actually in effect. Food costs are said to have been brought down in some cases by twenty-five per cent, and clothing by fifteen per cent. Hotel charges for rooms have been reduced by one tenth, and those for meals by fifteen per cent. Rent reductions are also in prospect. Nevertheless, May witnessed an aggravation of the business crisis, with nearly thirteen hundred failures, including those of six provincial banks. The Tosi Cotton Mills near Milan, which employ six thousand

operatives, have reduced their working week to three days, and the Fiat Works at Turin have dismissed eleven thousand workers, cutting their staff to one half what it was a year ago. The Lombard Iron Works of Milan have let out one thousand of their five thousand employees, and similar reductions have occurred in many other places. The British Armstrong-Whitworth Company's Italian branch, S. A. Armstrong di Pozzuoli, representing an investment of nearly seven million dollars, is in voluntary liquidation.

According to the last report of the National Bank of Greece, since the First Balkan War that little country

Greece has expended for extraordinary requirements, including the settlement and maintenance of refugees, about eight hundred and sixty million dollars, of which only one hundred and eighty million dollars have been borrowed abroad. Meanwhile the influx of destitute and semi-destitute refugees has greatly increased the population, without correspondingly adding to production. Foreign capital is therefore urgently needed for development. Continuing, the report says that the national debt has been reduced by about one tenth — in gold — since 1912, and that the actual wealth of the country is greater, production is larger, and savings are more regular and wider spread, than they were before. This optimistic opinion was apparently intended to prepare the way for a seven-per-cent loan of two million pounds sterling, issued at 93½, just floated in London, to enable the National Bank to set up a separate Mortgage Bank to take over its business of lending money on real estate, that has increased enormously on account of the land and building boom that has accompanied the influx of refugees.

Turkey gave a concrete pledge of progress under the new Government

when she opened, late in May, a new railway from Angora to Kaisarie nearly two hundred and fifty miles long, which has been constructed directly by the Government, without foreign financial aid. This is the second-longest railway in the country, and extensions are already projected from the new railhead northward to the Black Sea and southward to a junction with the Bagdad Railway. Surveys have also been made and contracts let for about one thousand miles of additional lines, connecting the new Capital with the frontiers of the Republic. According to the Indian Tariff Board, which has just issued a report on the cotton industry, the only country whose competition seriously affects the Bombay

Beyond Suez spinners is Japan, which has an advantage on the actual cost of manufacture of about four per cent on both yarn and cloth. The Government, overriding certain recommendations of the Board, has refused to accord the industry additional protection, believing that the advantage of Japan is already covered by the present duty of eleven per cent on cotton piece goods and five per cent on yarn. The Government will introduce a bill, however, removing the present duties on textile machinery, dyes, and other raw materials employed in the cotton manufacture.

During the present financial year the Australian Commonwealth and the states will borrow in the aggregate about seventy million dollars in addition to what is raised by municipalities and other public bodies. Trade returns are not particularly favorable. Imports for the first eight months of the fiscal year have increased by fifty million dollars, while exports have declined by twenty-five million dollars.

Although press dispatches represent the Yangtze Valley as in the throes of foreign war and the trade of

Hankow as completely throttled by the Bolsheviks, John Chinaman seems to be proceeding about his business as merrily—or at least as persistently—as ever. Three hundred tons of antimony were landed in Shanghai not long ago in the course of a single day from vessels loaded at the Communist capital. All of it came from Changsha, which has been in the extremists' hands for many moons. The same three steamers, all British, landed in addition a paying cargo of raw cotton, sesamum seed, bran, vegetable tallow, paper, cowhides, nutgalls, wood oil, and leaf tobacco, a considerable portion of which came from Honan. Since Japan's bank panic and moratorium the yen has fallen steadily, although it has not reached the low level of 1925, when it stood for a time below forty cents in American currency. One effect of the present decline has been to create an active demand for staple commodities, especially silk, which is being purchased in large quantities in anticipation of a rise in prices. There has also been a marked bull movement on the Tokyo Stock Exchange, as speculators figure upon high yen profits from the increased nominal value of inventories. Among the most important industrial concerns affected by the panic is the Kawasaki Dockyard Company, one of the largest shipbuilding enterprises in the Orient. Its fate is of direct interest to the Government, as it is one of the largest naval constructors in the Empire, and has two cruisers and four submarines unfinished on its ways. One suggestion for relieving the Company's embarrassment is that the Bank of Japan shall finance a reorganization syndicate to the extent of thirty-five million dollars. An amazing discrepancy exists between the valuation set upon the Company's property by the

Corporation and that set by Government experts in this connection. The Company valuation is about one hundred and sixty million dollars; that of the Government is seventy-five million dollars. The Company's fourteen thousand employees have reached a unanimous agreement to work one hour a day extra without pay in order to help the firm out of its difficulties.

Brazil looks forward to unusually remunerative coffee and cotton crops.

In South America Her trade has recovered from the shock produced

last year by the sharp temporary advance of the milreis, and her merchants contemplate the future hopefully. Argentina, though fundamentally more prosperous, perhaps, than her northern neighbor, presents a puzzling problem for business analysts. The area under cultivation is but little greater to-day than it was in 1914. Meanwhile the population has increased by natural growth and immigration—though not rapidly from either cause. Simultaneously a significant decline has occurred in the per capita consumption of standard articles of food such as bread, sugar, and meat; nor has there been any substitution of other articles of diet to explain this decrease. Meanwhile public expenditures have steadily risen and the public indebtedness has increased. Much of the expenditure from loans, however, has been upon ports, railways, and other public improvements. Just at present the condition of the country is flourishing. Railway receipts are high. But this year's corn crop, with an export surplus of seven million tons, has been grown at a loss, as has likewise wheat. This is ascribed to excessively high land rents and to the number of middlemen who stand between the farmer and the shipper.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

Croce Criticizes

FROM the Naples correspondent of the London *Observer* comes news of Benedetto Croce, the great Italian critic, whom Amy Lowell admired so much. Seated in his library of sixty thousand books, and surrounded by laughing children, he was subjected to a sort of 'Ask Me Another' test on current ideas. The first question put to him by his interviewer was whether he thought 'the nineteenth-century ideal was waning.' In a masterly and evasive reply he asserted that the nineteenth-century idea was 'not born out of the particular and transitory conditions of the century,' but represented part of the development of the human race. In so far as the ideal could be defined at all, it consisted in free development, though Karl Marx gave fuel to some contemporary writers who assert that liberal institutions are on the wane.

With this view Senator Croce disagrees. Since the Marxian conception of history was the product of a Jewish intelligence, it is essentially antihistorical. Marx asserted that civilization would culminate in a standstill when the class struggle — which he regarded as the essence of progress — came to an end. The fact that he refused to outline the future state, from which all the causes of friction would have been removed, indicated that his whole system of ideas was fallacious. In short, Croce feels that idealism will never die, and that the guiding principle which animated early nineteenth-century philosophy still lives although the materialists have done away with some of its products.

Asked to explain why no great poet had emerged from the war, Croce recalled the Germany of Goethe, and explained that great art and literature have often flourished during periods of political inactivity. The genius of our age, he felt, lay along more critical lines, and he politely pointed to the late Mr. A. B. Walkley, dramatic critic of the London *Times*, as a shining example of the new aesthetic philosophy. At the present time Croce himself is engaged on a history of the Baroque Age in Italy, having completed his history of Naples and his book of essays on *Men and Things of Italy in the Past*. The value of modern historical methods seemed to him so vast a subject that he did not feel up to discussing it fully. He did, however, point out that to understand history one must grasp its religious aspects. He closed the interview with more confessions of faith in idealism and further strictures on the positivists and Socialists, who, in attempting to explain life in material terms, miss the whole point of human existence.

Club Life in Berlin

POLITICS and sport, rather than sociability and snobbishness, form the basis on which the club life of Berlin is built. The *Kölnische Zeitung* gives an illuminating analysis of the present club system in Berlin, which, it asserts, is a foreign growth, and not the spontaneous outburst of male indignation against feminine tyranny such as one finds in England. Whereas English women have attacked the London clubs because they distract men from other

social obligations, German women have access to many of the clubs in Berlin, though the satisfaction they take in that life cannot be profound.

For purposes of amusement, the German has such a variety of beer gardens and cafés that he only joins a club for some other purpose than mere pleasure. At present Berlin boasts two large sporting clubs — the Union Club, with facilities for various athletic games, and the Automobile Club, a newer organization, which goes on a great tour every autumn. The Union Club offers to youngsters various healthy counterattractions to the movies, and performs a valuable social service by developing the bodies of the young and reducing the waistlines of the elderly.

Political clubs have always occupied an important place in German national life. In 1848 the clubs played a lively rôle, and before the last war many secret organizations maintained headquarters in Berlin. These have now disappeared, and in their place several large political clubs, representing the various parties, have grown up. Dr. Stresemann often presides at meetings of the Reichsklub of the German People's Party, to which women are admitted. The National Club, representing the Conservative Party, has established headquarters near the Pariser Platz and the Brandenburg Gate. Here they preserve pictures that recall the days of Prussian glory, the walls being hung with likenesses of Bismarck and battle scenes from the war of 1870.

The German Society of Berlin, though founded in 1914 as a political club, now admits men of every party, and boasts over two thousand members, many of whom live abroad. For women with artistic or literary tastes there is the Lyceum Club, where artists and writers live and where ladies from abroad visit. Women also figure in the

gambling clubs, whose membership is less exclusive and whose aims are less lofty than the others'.

Since the war certain old families have gone by the board, but the Stumms, Mendelsohns, and Hohenlohes still cut some ice in the social pond. The best people belong to the Club of Berlin, by far the most exclusive club in the city, and the gathering place of financial and industrial magnates. But the barriers are falling, and the new aristocracy has not yet been organized into formal groups.

Magdeburg's Theatrical Exhibition

A STUFFED figure of George Bernard Shaw rubbing shoulders with Æschylus and Schiller is one of the hors d'œuvres with which Magdeburg is attracting tourists to her theatrical exhibition, though on the whole the exhibition does not smack so strongly of the circus side-show. The lion's share of exhibitors' space, for example, has been given over to the interesting technical aspects of the modern stage, because, as the officials explain, the theatre is now in a period of transition and we should appreciate all the elements which are contributing to its development. Very little favoritism has been shown, for almost equal space has been allotted Reinhardt, the Russians, the naturalists, the expressionists, the 'stylists,' and the many minor movements which the German theatre has undergone during the past few years.

The earliest exhibit is a model of the Athenian Dionysian Theatre, full of spectators witnessing a scene from *Agamemnon*. We are then taken down through the ages, from the mystery and morality plays of the Middle Ages to the Court theatres that led up to the great classic period of the German stage. The exhibit for this epoch includes the original scenery for the

first performance of Schiller's *Robbers* in 1782, as well as a group of Bayreuth models showing *The Ring* from its inception down to the present time. Theatrical evolution concludes with an exhibit of all the mechanical devices of the modern stage.

Magdeburg is perhaps the last city in Germany where one would expect to find an exhibition such as has been arranged for this summer, for it is primarily a manufacturing centre, famous for its iron works and sugar refineries. Since it has no artistic reputation and has never before made such a bid for fame, one suspects that the exhibition may have been organized to attract the tourist. But its commercial aspects do not detract from its intrinsic merit.

Walton's Home Burned

THOSE American fishermen who were agitating some years ago for the removal of Izaak Walton's cottage from its native heath to our side of the Atlantic will be distressed to hear that the historic home of the author of *The Compleat Angler* has been destroyed by fire. When the angling owner built his thatch-roofed retreat, he never suspected that the London, Midland, and Scottish Railway would pass near by. Still less could he have anticipated that a spark from one of its engines would one day fall on that inflammable roof of his and set the dwelling in flames.

Although the local fire department of Shallowford seems to have been conspicuous by its absence, a few adventurous spirits succeeded in rescuing a number of museum pieces that the house contained, and these will presumably be transferred to some place of greater safety. The fate of this historic structure only goes to show that wanton losses are not confined to the land of the free and the home of the floods.

Another Greek Testament

AGITATION for a new edition of the Greek Testament has been revived in England by Professor F. C. Burkitt, who feels that the evidence which has been uncovered since the edition of Professor Tischendorf and the version of Westcott and Hort warrants the attention of British scholarship. He does not seek a new text, but merely a collection in one publication of the material now extant — a compendium comparable to a variorum edition of Shakespeare.

Tischendorf's edition contained an *apparatus criticus*, which holds the same importance for a scholar that the form sheet holds for the race-horse enthusiast. Since then, Professor Hermann von Soden of Berlin has published a more modern edition with an *apparatus*, but British scholarship frowns upon his theories of the nature of the variations in the text and upon the system of notation which he uses to designate manuscripts and groups of manuscripts. The new edition based upon Tischendorf would also include such material as the Washington Codex, the Sinai Palimpsest, the Old Syriac, Coptic, Georgian, and Armenian versions, as well as the important fragments of papyri found at Oxyrhynchus, Egypt.

It has often been suggested that texts which existed before Saint Jerome might throw important light upon disputed passages. Higher Biblical criticism, moreover, has made great strides, so that to-day even the Catholic Church allows her scholars to consider the famous *comma Johanneum* in the First Epistle of Saint John an interpolation, even though this is the only mention in the Bible of the Trinity qua Trinity. But it is improbable that the projected work will contribute any such discoveries, for all

the new texts have been edited and are readily available. Its primary advantage will lie in the fact that the scholar may find in one publication what has hitherto been included in a half-dozen cumbrous volumes. It will be a feather in the cap of English scholarship, and a great saving of wear and tear on the librarians.

Manufacturing Life

SIR OLIVER LODGE has announced to the Psychological Society at Oxford his conviction that scientists will some day be able to create new life in the laboratory. Already, he points out, they have made 'organic compounds found in living organisms or secreted by them,' and it seems only a question of time before protoplasm can be manufactured with the same ease that Fords are turned out to-day. Looking back on the history of the world, Sir Oliver points out that since our planet was once 'a mass of molten material, or even glowing gas,' in which life 'as we know it' was impossible, science should be able to duplicate the feat of the mysterious agent that filled inanimate matter with life.

Those old fogies who cannot swallow Mr. Darrow's version of the Darwinian version of evolution and who still feel that God had something to do with it all should be of good cheer, for Sir Oliver has reconciled science and religion for the benefit of everyone. Religious people, indeed, should be the first to welcome this new hypothesis, because it shows 'what an amount of thought is necessary to produce any imitation of what actually exists now.' Sir Oliver then goes on to say: 'My speculation is that this boundless ether, full of energy, is utilized and is impregnated throughout with something that may be called life and mind in excelsis, that it is the home of the

Ideal and Supernal, and that all the life and mind we are conscious of is but an infinitesimal fraction of this majestic reality.'

The individual, says Sir Oliver, wandering still further from the laboratory, consists of 'localized and identifiable particles of matter that have become able to receive and incorporate some of the previously unidentified Life and Mind of which the ether is full.' All that remains, apparently, is to discover how life and mind became associated with matter. From then on it will be plain sailing.

Rotarians in Conclave

GREETED by King Albert, seven thousand Rotarians, representing over twenty-five thousand Rotary clubs in all parts of the world, convened at Ostend for their eighteenth Convention. Although the meeting was held on Belgian soil, they did not follow the custom of most parliaments of this kind by honoring with the presidency a native of the country that was entertaining them, but instead unanimously elected Mr. Arthur H. Sapp of Indiana. To make the American delegates, who formed the bulk of the gathering, feel at home, *L'Indépendance Belge* printed a voluminous edition in English, fully as large as one of our own Sunday papers, and containing even more than the generous American quota of advertisements. The text was also calculated to make the transatlantic visitors feel cosy, since it consisted chiefly of optimistic and highly laudatory speeches.

The chief concern of the Convention was to enlarge the scope of Rotary to include the Old World as well as the New, and to apply some of America's energy to listless Europe. But the American habit of all Rotarians calling fellow members by their first names did not seem practical. A certain

Portuguese remarked, 'If this is enforced over here there will be another revolution in Portugal.'

Yet, in spite of certain fundamental differences between Americans and Europeans, our business methods resemble theirs after a fashion, and at the same time our commercial success excites their admiration so much that a powerful movement like Rotary is treated with great seriousness and respect: Its 'Service above Self' motto, its attempts to regulate business ethics, its spirit of coöperation, make a curious appeal to the exhausted Continent.

One on Keyserling

W. MORTON FULLERTON, a regular contributor to *Le Figaro*, has only one fault to find with *Défense de l'occident*, by Henri Massis — it takes Count Hermann Keyserling seriously. In his zeal to prove that certain writers imbued with Oriental fallacies are eating away the heart of Western civilization, M. Massis forgets that the author of the famous *Travel Diary* feels his own importance so keenly that the rest of us, in the interest of the golden mean, must look upon him as a joke. In bringing this point home, Mr. Fullerton indiscreetly makes public a letter written by the cocky young Count thirty years ago, when he applied to the Anglo-American press for the position of special correspondent on German questions in general. We quote here only from the facsimile page of the letter printed in *Le Figaro*, since the French translation does not retain all the felicities of the original: —

I should like writing some short articles on given themes so as to show my best capacities. Unfortunately I don't know sufficient english to write in english without correction from others: I hope this is no serious difficulty. To resume: my aim should be getting the chance of emphasizing

general views on many subjects and also to supply information on many subjects and out of many countries. Tho' I'm living in Germany, it would be sometimes easier for me knowing things about France (thro' Paris connexions) or Russia than being a good chemist of Berlin events. Of course I should like very much *travelling*, if necessary, for investigating questions, which can't be judged from afar.

COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

P. S. He did n't get the job.

Training an Eagle

LAST summer Captain C. R. W. Knight, of the British Army, rescued a young female golden eagle, which he has since succeeded in training to hunt like a falcon. At first the bird was nervous, but she soon learned to perch on her master's arm and feed there. After being made to feel at home, she was tempted to go for stuffed rabbit-skins and sacks of food. The bait was swung or thrown in the air, and the bird would be attracted to it from greater and greater distances. She then learned to fly up into a tree and watch Captain Wright until he produced and projected his lure. If, however, the bait was not thrown up promptly the indignant fowl would make a bee line for the trainer's head, and in order to save himself the Captain would have to toss up the bait at once.

The first time this happened the lure was not extracted in time, and the eagle swooped down on the Captain's head, opening up his neck with her talons so that three stitches had to be taken. After this episode the trainer covered his fist and forearm with mail and wore a fencing mask. To bear the weight of the bird he had to support his arm on a crutch, and the eagle was attached to a clothesline, tied to a strap on either leg.

At capturing live game the bird proved a great disappointment. She could only catch hares and rabbits when they ran downhill — a fact the animals had sense enough to appreciate. Captain Wright believes that a goshawk is ten times as efficient at hunting as an eagle, but was surprised to find the larger bird so tractable. On the whole the experiment proved a great success, since excellent slow moving pictures were secured of the eagle seizing the artificial lure, carrying it away, and perching on its master's arm. Once these films were taken the bird was set free.

The Spanish Stage

THE theatre of Spain, running the entire gamut from the purely native bull-fight to the pessimistic drama of Jacinto Benavente, is keeping step with the rest of Europe. In its more popular and less learned aspects it boasts two artists whose prominence has extended beyond the Pyrenees. Raquel Meller has been playing to full houses in Spain since her triumphant and lucrative tour through America and Europe, while Miquel Fleta, known as the Spanish Caruso, also finds his audience in the music hall instead of in the opera house.

One cannot speak of the actors and actresses of the Spanish stage without thinking of them in pairs, and it is interesting to note that these couples often link the theatre of South America with that of the mother country. Maria Guerrero and Fernando Diaz de Mendoza, for example, hail from Madrid and Buenos Aires respectively, whereas Maria Palou, the actress, is usually associated with Felipe Sassone, the South American playwright, who has spent the past few years in Madrid.

This close bond between the Old World and the New has brought much life to the popular Spanish theatre.

In the more classical drama, however, we have playwrights with names familiar to the theatregoing public of Europe and America. The gifted brothers, Serafin and Joaquin Alvarez Quintero, are making a great success with mystery farces. Jacinto Benavente, after a long period of idleness, has produced a new play, *La Mariposa Que Volo Sobre el Mar*, filled with all the clever pessimism that he exhibited in his more productive days when he won the Nobel Prize. In short, the Spanish theatre possesses sufficient vitality to make itself a strong factor in European drama.

A Transatlantic Speed Boat

M. ETTORE BUGATTI is bringing to completion in Molsheim, Alsace, what promises to be the world's fastest motor boat, in which he hopes to cross the Atlantic, from Brest to New York, in forty hours. The ship is one hundred and twenty feet long and seven feet wide, and it is propelled by eight airplane engines. The designer hopes to make his craft go eighty-seven miles an hour, and plans to submerge it for short periods of time in rough weather. The engines are to develop eighty horsepower, and will be capable of running for sixty hours, using paraffin as fuel. One of his greatest problems is to provide fresh air for the closed body of the ship, where the eight engines will be situated, but since he has already evolved several new devices he should be able to solve this difficulty too. At present the experimental stage has almost been completed, and the finished product will soon be tried out on one of the Swiss lakes.

BOOKS ABROAD

Mysteries, by Knut Hamsun. London and New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. 7s. 6d.

[Saturday Review]

KNUT HAMSDUN is not an easy writer, and *Mysteries*, as the name suggests, is a baffling book. We turn for help to the wrapper. 'The underlying thought of *Mysteries* is the utter and incurable solitariness of the human creature, and hence the futility of words, gestures, all our baffled and groping attempts to explain. . . . [*Hunger, Mysteries, and Pan*] record an early stage of abnormal sensitiveness to life's great and little ironies. But it is the sensitiveness of the strong, not of the weak (*sic*). The week's sensitiveness is a painful thing, only less bad than the fortnight's, and we are, most of us, familiar with it; but in *Mysteries* we find a sensitiveness extending over months and terminating in suicide. Are we to suppose that the incurable solitariness of Nagel's strong soul drove him to this desperate step? Loneliness is, perhaps, a sufficient reason for suicide. But the wrapper's explanation covers only half of Nagel's mystery. He was at odds with himself; he wanted not only to appear, but to be, different from what he was. Some writers would have made him a pathological case, an example of divided and suppressed desires. Hamsun does not disguise his hero's neurasthenia, but represents it rather as the medium which makes possible Nagel's startling emotional flights. Which condition came first, which led on to which, we cannot tell. Nagel was ill and apprehensive; he also had mental and spiritual crises of great interest and intensity and beauty. It is Hamsun's gift to make us believe in the coexistence and coimportance of the two conditions, the mental and the physical *malaise*; they contribute to, they do not impair, each other's reality.

Nagel descends upon the small Norwe-

gian town, a stranger about whom nobody knows anything except that he is rich. He tries to make friends with his neighbors; he falls in love with the rector's daughter, on whose behalf a man had killed himself. But he has a morbid (or to modern ideas a morbid) fear of self-advertisement, self-righteousness, self-glory; he is terrified of appearing, even to himself, in the right. So far from being his ideal, *mens conscia sui recti* was the last thing he wanted to have. Hence his philippic against Gladstone, one of the most moving passages in the book; hence, in fact, all the denigration of himself and his motives with which he alternately interested, bored, and terrified the very people whose favor and friendship he sought to win. He was tireless in inventing interested motives for his philanthropic impulses. Hamsun, too, is tireless in finding instances of his hero's besetting foible. He loves the irony that these scraps of dialogue — Nagel explaining himself away to chance acquaintances bewildered by his bounty — provide. His dialogue always has immense vitality; and yet so concentrated is it on illustrating this single aspect of Nagel's character that it tends to become tiresome, to degenerate into mystification and buffoonery. Every Scandinavian, in Hamsun's view, yearns to be a dark horse, an inverted charlatan, and he exaggerates this trait until it becomes almost meaningless. He writes only to satisfy his own caprice, and his caprice does not always coincide with his readers'. But how lovely the lyrical passages are: —

And if I found a diamond one day, I'd call it Dagny, simply because your name makes me go warm with joy. But I even go so far as to hear your name incessantly, to hear it spoken by all men and animals, all mountains and all stars. I would I were deaf to all else and only heard your name as an endless note in my ears night and day all my life long. I would I could institute a new oath in your honor, an oath to be used by all races on earth in your sole honor.

And if I sinned in this, and God warned me against it, I would answer Him: 'Put it down to me, record it against me; I'll pay for it with my soul, in the fullness of time, when the clock strikes.'

Recent Revelations of European Diplomacy,
by G. P. Gooch. London: Longmans,
1927. 7s. 6d.

[*Nation and Athenæum*]

DR. GOOCH is probably the only man who could have written this masterly book. It is primarily a book of reference which no student or historian of the war and the foreign policy which begat and issued from the war can do without. The work originated in a paper read by Dr. Gooch to the British Institute of International Affairs a little more than four years ago. The paper has been expanded and brought up to date until it now makes a volume of over two hundred pages. It is a survey of all the documents, books, and articles, published since the outbreak of the war, which throw any important light upon the diplomatic history of that period which lies between the accession of the last German Emperor and the Treaty of Versailles.

Few people whose business has not led them to investigate themselves the mass of published material have any idea of the extent to which in the last ten years diplomacy has given up its dead. In bulk the mass is enormous; its historical importance is unmeasurable. The opening of the archives in Russia, Germany, and Austria has put at the disposal of contemporaries first-hand historical material which normally would not have been available for generations after the principal actors were dead. The diplomatic sea has thus given up, not only the dead, but the living, and this has again had a repercussion upon the extent and importance of the revelations. For the opening of the archives has called for some explanation of their actions from the principal actors, and thus a long series of bulky apologies in German, French, English, and Russian has flowed from emperors, kings, field-m Marshals, admirals, and statesmen.

The enormous bulk of this material, let alone the confusion of tongues in which it has been given to the world, is bewildering,

not only to the ordinary man, but to the expert. Dr. Gooch has done a work which enables one to smooth out the confusion and eliminate the bewilderment. He takes the material country by country, publication by publication, and gives a short account of the most important of the publications and revelations. His survey is extraordinarily clear and concise; not a point is missed or a word wasted. The completeness of the survey is amazing. 'A few points' in the colossal *Erinnerungen* of Ernest von Plener are duly noticed, and even an obscure military or naval attaché does not slip through the meshes of Dr. Gooch's net, if he has seen or heard anything of real importance.

The book is, as we have said, primarily a work of reference. But, unlike most works of reference, it can be read straight through with keen interest by anyone with some knowledge of foreign policy. And when so read it gives one a remarkable bird's-eye view of the problems of responsibility and war guilt which have agitated so many 'good Europeans.' Dr. Gooch, all through the book, does not conceal his own opinions, and in his last chapter he briefly states his conclusions with regard to the outbreak of the war and the responsibility of statesmen. Few impartial observers will disagree with his last two sentences: —

Though they (the statesmen) may be acquitted of the inexcusable crime of deliberately starting the avalanche, they must jointly bear the reproach of having chosen the path which led to the abyss. The outbreak of the Great War, however, is the condemnation not only of the performers who strutted for a brief hour across the stage, but above all of the international anarchy which they inherited and which they did little to abate.

From Bismarck to the World War, by
Professor E. Brandenburg. Translated
by A. E. Adams. London and New York:
Oxford University Press, 1927. \$7.00.

[*Observer*]

THE veteran Professor of History in the University of Leipzig, with his wide knowledge of history as a whole and of the way in which historical forces and ideas work, and with his mature and finished technique, has set himself the supremely

difficult task of giving 'a reliable picture of Germany's policy during the last decades before the war, founded on the facts as revealed in our (that is, German) archives.' The English translation of the second and revised German edition is admirable, and all who read the original in German and have now reread it in English will, I am sure, agree that, of the many books — other than collections of original documents — in many languages which have appeared since 1919, this is quite the best, so far. I most sincerely hope that it will be widely studied in this country. We may or we may not disagree with its main conclusions or with its handling of this or that group of events and transactions, but Professor Brandenburg set out to find and establish the truth. He tells us in a touching sentence that much of it has been written 'often in anguish of heart,' and I can well believe it. He knows better than most that the whole truth cannot yet be established, for the complete material on both the British and French sides is not yet available; but a British reader can at any rate thank him for his patient endeavor, from the first page to the last, not merely to state the British point of view, as the documents at his disposal permit, but to set down, without fear or favor and in measured language, the considered judgments that his scientific study has imposed upon him. His book has already drawn upon him in Germany much dissent, and even much denunciation; but if at times he is severely critical of British policy and British statesmen, his verdict on German policy and German statesmen is frequently far more severe than what can be read, for example, in Mr. Lowes-Dickinson's recent valuable work on *International Anarchy*. Those who are jealous for the dignity of the historian's science and art will probably feel that, while they may be called upon to differ in many points from Professor Brandenburg's interpretation of the baffling and complicated history of Europe from Bismarck's dismissal to the outbreak of the war, they can and ought to be grateful for the temper in which an accomplished historian has achieved his immense task.

Professor Brandenburg's cool and meas-

ured analysis leaves on my mind a very different mental attitude to that underlying the impressionist and passionate indictment in biographical form of Herr Ludwig's study of the Kaiser, in which William II is a royal Mephistopheles and Germany a new Gretchen — the difference, in short, between a gifted writer of a film scenario, with a strategic eye for 'close-ups' and the pen of the trenchant caption, and a veteran, but weary, master of pathology whose scientific conscience compels him to perform an interminable and repellent post-mortem examination. Did the Europe of 1890 to 1914 really die of an incurable cancer? At what point could a drastic operation have saved the patient's life? Could the master-physician, Bismarck, have prevented the breach between Germany and Great Britain that began in 1894, and that, on Professor Brandenburg's own showing, German statesmanship was incapable of understanding, much less of repairing?

The Life of Tim Healy, by Liam O'Flaherty.

London: Jonathan Cape, 1927. 12s. 6d.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

ONE hoped much when one heard that Tim Healy's life was being written by Liam O'Flaherty. What a theme for a satirist! A new Rake's Progress. The Bantry postmaster's son descends to be a Governor-General. And might not Liam O'Flaherty prove himself to be above all a satirist? Has he not the true *sava indignatio*, something more than divine discontent? But read this book, and you will see that he is not a satirist. He has not attempted to write a satire. Indeed, he seems never to have made up his mind what it was that he meant to do, and the apology offered in the preface for the inconsistency of the book is probably sincere. He has given us neither a serious disquisition on Irish politics nor a study of Healy's self. He has no personal knowledge of Mr. Healy, and he has not drawn on his imagination for his picture of the man. Apparently he happens to have been reading the mass of journalistic matter under which the history of the old Parliamentary Party lies buried. He found it interesting, and he wants to

talk it over with the public. His pages are filled with extracts from his reading.

But an artist cannot write the life of a politician without revealing something of himself, and we find that Mr. O'Flaherty is not so ferocious as he often lets on to be. He has resisted the temptation to slay the Governor-General alive. He recognizes his virtues and his intelligence as well as his wit. Mr. O'Flaherty is inclined to admire the education given to the English governing class. Men who have received this training behave with dignity. They are trustworthy and loyal to each other because they have been taught to feel that they can rob together with more success than they can rob separately. Clifford Lloyd and Lord Spencer are therefore commended. Mr. Healy at times appeared contemptible and ridiculous because he lacked that training. Parnell had that training, but he had something more. In O'Flaherty's eyes Parnell is a hero. O'Flaherty is far less interested in Tim Healy than in Parnell. The book ends thus: 'Charles Stewart Parnell once spoke of "that sacred trust." He spoke of "a people that had the lure of God in their eyes." What did he mean?' Evidently Mr. O'Flaherty is troubled by doubts. He fears that nationalism may after all be the true faith which is necessary for the salvation of an artist. At his last gasp he makes an ambiguous confession, hoping to receive extreme unction from a kindly priest.

This Generation, by Thomas Cox Meech.
London: Chatto and Windus, 1927.
12s. 6d.

[*Spectator*]

MR. COX MEECH has written a big, chatty book. The work when complete will cover the first twenty-six years of the present century. This, the first volume, takes us from 1900 to 1914. We should say frankly that the book appears to us unexpectedly good. The fact that we are driven to use the word 'unexpectedly' is partly the fault of the publishers, for the presentation and general get-up of the volume are thoroughly inferior. Its price, of course, is not exor-

bitant, but this is surely no reason why the layout and format should be so displeasing.

When we say that the book is unexpectedly good, we must not be understood to suggest that it is anything but superficial. Mr. Meech is not drawn to seek after the hidden causes and deep-lying tendencies which lie below the shimmering surface of public life. But at any rate, if he has not the taste for the depths, he has a very good eye for the surface. Above all, he has that first and most necessary of all qualifications for the general historian — a genuine and unflagging interest in public events, a true sense of the drama of men and things, of the rise and fall of statesmen, the struggle and stress of party warfare, and the heavy tread of national advancement or decline.

The book begins well with a portrait of Joseph Chamberlain, walking over from the Colonial Office to the House in the opening year of the century, while De Wet was still uncaught, Protection yet unsung, and Labor a cloud no bigger than a man's hand upon the political horizon.

Mr. Meech has very wisely assumed almost no political or historical knowledge on the part of his readers, and a foreigner who has no idea at all of English public life would find the book perfectly comprehensible. Again, it would form an excellent book to put in the hands of a school-boy. Indeed, we only wish that such histories of our own time as this were more frequently used for such purposes. It is far better to start history at the end than at the beginning. To the youth for whom the Witenagemot and Domesday Book are unsubstantial shadows, which he cannot relate to anything in his general experience, it is immensely refreshing to learn that history is equally concerned with the beginnings of the motor car, with how his mother goes to the polling station, and how the world drifted into the war. If he is taught such things he will begin to realize that history is something that matters to him as well as to his pastors and masters. For such a purpose, this book of Mr. Meech's, with its photographs and its pen pictures, its pleasant, easy style, its quick movement, and its sense of drama, should be very welcome.

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Marcel Proust, by Léon Pierre-Quint.
Translated by Hamish and Sheila Miles.
New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. \$5.00.

THIS book contains a biography of Proust, a study of his work, and a third part entitled 'The Universe of Proust' — a further elaboration of his ideas on love, art, and society. What a difficult task it must be to exacinate Proust with any novelty can easily be recognized by anyone who has already been steeped in his original and enormously repetitious work. It would take more conscience and sympathy than even M. Pierre-Quint possesses to present with stimulating originality the ideas of an author who devotes whole pages to observing that time seems to drag slowly while you are waiting for someone.

M. Pierre-Quint's critical method consists chiefly of exhaustive quotations that will perhaps prove more interesting to the uninitiate than to those already acquainted with Proust's writings. To the latter the biographical section will prove more illuminating, though it is scarcely more than a sketch of a hundred-odd pages, all readable and entertaining. The translation is excellent.

James Bryce, by H. A. L. Fisher. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1927.
2 vols. \$8.00.

MANY a great man is remembered after his death for one outstanding achievement; few indeed can compare with Viscount Bryce in diversity of eminence. A *Holy Roman Empire* and an *American Commonwealth* in letters, the presidency of the Alpine Club in sport, and the ambassadorship to the United States in diplomacy, only urge the mention of other achievements equally great. The biography of such a man can easily become a crowded catalogue lacking the breath of life.

Mr. Fisher has done an excellent piece of work and made good use of the materials

at his disposal. Lord Bryce's diary and letters have been skillfully woven into the texture of the biography. They are outspoken and decisive on matters political, and confirm the public utterances and acts of their author. Those that are written on his travels have a descriptive power that is singularly charming. Lord Bryce observed and commented on the affairs of the whole world for the best part of a century. He lived a full life. Readers of his biography will find it hard to discover a page that is not both lively and informing.

The South Africans, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. New York: Boni and Liveright.
\$3.50.

ONE does not need to have been consciously interested in South Africa to find one's self suddenly absorbed in the *South Africans* as seen through the keen eyes and interpreted with the informed intelligence of Sarah Gertrude Millin.

As the author of *God's Stepchildren*, *Mary Glenn*, and other novels laid in this mysterious and romantic land of contrasts with which she is so familiar, Mrs. Millin has already proved herself worthy to carry on the torch laid down — while it was still flaming — by Olive Schreiner. She presents startlingly illuminating pictures of Darkest Africa to the untraveled inhabitants of more enlightened continents.

This volume, describing the various tribes that inhabit South Africa to-day, their history, their customs, their politics, and their racial characteristics, presents a narrative quite as romantic and full of color as an adventure story laid in scenes of marvelous grandeur and beauty. The picture of fabulous wealth drawn from mines of diamonds, gold, and platinum, contrasted with the poverty and degradation of the uncivilized groups, — the Kafirs, the half-castes, the Hottentots, and the Poor Whites, — suggests the unreality of

Arabian Nights quite as much as the realism of African Days.

There are vivid sketches of familiar figures, — Cecil Rhodes, Kruger, the three great generals, Smuts, Botha, and Hertzog. Altogether Mrs. Millin has given us a really fascinating volume, quite indefinite in its scope, which extends beyond the practical confines of history into the uncharted realms of Imagination and Romance.

Daphne Adeane, by Maurice Baring. New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1927.

THREE people standing before the portrait of the late Mrs. Adeane in a Bond Street gallery see one period of their lives close and another begin, although none of them recognizes the moment as decisive. Michael CHOYCE leaves the gallery to find that his long liaison with Hyacinth Wake is ended, — though not over, — and that circumstances urge upon him marriage with Fanny Weston, whom he has met for the first time at the exhibition. The marriage takes place; and Fanny, honestly in love with Michael, undergoes a sort of spiritual death when she discovers that Hyacinth — though separated from him by all barriers, including finally the grave — has remained her husband's chief preoccupation.

From this emotional torpor Fanny is rescued by the casual warmth of friendship with Leo Dettrick, who sees in her a faint resemblance to the dead Daphne Adeane, still living in his imagination and obliquely reflected in his work. His influence further develops Daphne's qualities in Fanny so that, restored to intellectual life by him, she is restored to emotional life by the passion she inspires in the most devoted of Daphne's lovers, Francis Greene. Unfortunately for Michael, Fanny's reawakened charms operate in him to blur Hyacinth's memory, and the war adds a final tragic complication of choice, resolved according to the tragic formula.

The story belongs beyond question to Mr. Baring and not to his characters; they are powerless against its tranquil inevitability, as if the teller lived, like Dettrick, in the shadow of Daphne Adeane's existence. She and he occupy the *premier plan*;

the other characters group themselves very adroitly and realistically against the dark background of the Styx, but Mr. Baring and Daphne are between us and them.

Working Bullocks, by Katherine Susan-nah Prichard. New York: The Viking Press, 1927. \$2.00.

THIS novel deals with life in an Australian timber camp and manufacturing town, but interest in the plot is interrupted by the hero's frequent flights to the bush, whither he repairs whenever things go wrong with him, as they constantly do in the earlier chapters. The descriptions of the mechanics' and workers' lives are endlessly detailed and boring — the cooking of food, the cutting and hauling of big trees which are subsequently converted into boxes in the factory. These incidents are interspersed with no less minute accounts of the woodsmen's passions — 'When he took a mate he would bite her flanks (as do the horses), and she would spring to his passion and cry with delight as he held her.' Or again: 'The arm bare to the armpits . . . glint of fire in the hair on it, muscles and sinews strung out, flung its challenge.' References to 'pom-mies,' 'brummies,' and 'jarrals' emphasize the local color with a heavy brush.

The Russian Revolution, 1917-1926, by Lancelot Lawton. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1927. \$7.50.

It is becoming increasingly possible, as the years pass, to view the Russian Revolution dispassionately. Mr. Lawton, who lived in Russia prior to 1917, and has enjoyed the help of his Russian wife, has been unusually successful in his attempt to describe the genesis and development of the Bolshevik programme. A prolonged visit to the country in 1924 supplemented the data available in the printed Russian documents, and the result is a book that is both accurate and readable. There is hardly a phase of the subject that is not treated extensively, and personal experiences and conversations are drawn upon to enliven official facts and figures. Plenty of space is afforded such subjects as marriage and divorce, social life, housing experiments, the theatre, and peasant life.

EVENTS ABROAD: AUGUST 15 TO 31

AUSTRIA

International Fair at Graz.
Motorcycle Grand Prix, August 28.
Musical Festival at Salzburg.

BELGIUM

Petit Béguinage Procession at Ghent, August 15.
Kermesse at Antwerp, August 21.
Horse Races at Ostend, August 31.
Carillon Concerts at Malines and Antwerp, throughout August.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Seventh International Danuvian Sample Fair opens at Bratislava, August 21.

DANZIG

Open Air Theatre opens at Zoppot.

DENMARK

International Dental Federation Convention at Copenhagen.

ENGLAND

St. Helena or Rowan Tree Day in parts of England, August 18.

FRANCE

Flower Fête at Le Touquet-Paris-Plage, August 14 to 21.
Second Tennis Tournament at Châtelguyon, August 15 to 20.
Concerts at Tourcoing, August 18 to 25.
Light Athletic Meet between France and Germany in Paris, August 20 and 21.
Second Battle of Flowers and night fête at Châtelguyon, August 21.
Seaside festivals at Bray-Dunes.
Horse racing, Grand Prix d'Enghien, at Enghien-les-Bains, August 21.
Feast of Saint Louis celebrated at Fontainebleau, August 21.
Fourth Automobile Grand Prix at La Baule, August 25.
Grand Prix of Automobile Design at Trouville, August 26.
European Fencing Championship at Vichy, August 26 and 31.
Regatta at Nantes, August 28.
Children's fête at Berck-Plage, August 28.
'Grande Braderie des Boulevards' at Calais, August 28.

Dedication of the bust of Brillat-Savarin at Belley, the end of August.

GERMANY

Fiftieth Jubilee of Bayreuth Festival Plays closes at Bayreuth, August 20.
Richard Strauss Week at Frankfurt on the Main, August 20 to 28.
Motor-Yacht Autumn Regatta at Berlin-Templiner See, August 20 and 21.
German Catholic Ecclesiastical Congress at Dortmund, August 27 to 30.
General Sample Fair: Technical and Building Fair, at Leipzig, August 28 to September 3.
Open German Golf Championship and Amateur Men's Championship opens at Berlin, August 28.
International Tennis Championship at Hamburg.
Rhön Glider-Airplane Contest at Gersfeld.

HOLLAND

Queen's Birthday, national holiday, August 31.

HUNGARY

Festival of St. Stephen celebrated at Pest, August 20.
Eastern Europe section of the World Conference of Presbyterians opens at Budapest, August 30.

ITALY

Second Palio Races at Siena, August 16.
Seventh International Sample Fair opens at Naples, August 16.

LATVIA

General Sport Festival, August 21.

SPAIN

Assumption of the Virgin Festivities, August 28.

SWITZERLAND

St. Jacques Commemoration at Basel, August 26.
Horse Races at Interlaken, August 27.
World Population Conference at Geneva, August 31.
Festival of Old Costumes at Champéry.
Alpine Festival at Zermatt.